DEC 4 1929

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The Feminine 'Seventies, by Walter de la Mare, on page 828

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME V — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1929 — NUMBER 36

THE INNER COURT OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA
From a wood block cut by Betty Lark.
Courtesy of William Edwin Rudge.

This America of Ours

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT. By BERNARD FAY, in collaboration with AVERY CLAFLIN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929. $2.75.

THE REDISCOVERY OF AMERICA. An Introduction to a Philosophy of American Life. By WALDO FRANK. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1929. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

WHEN a French professor of history and an American man of letters set out to discover America, they are more than likely to bring back very different reports. They will do this even when, as in the case of Mr. Frank, the American explorer is more or less denationalized. In spite of all that has been said in print or on the stump about the unity of the American people, America is still a land of contrasts and an aggregation of provinces. Moreover, not being given to introspection save as a stimulus to pride, and wofully lacking in vocabulary when it tries to express what it calls its mind, the America of external variegation is peculiarly indifferent to what it thinks and the significance of what it does. If Europe, regarding with apprehension this "giant of the West" and wondering what the future may hold, concludes that America itself does not see clearly whither it is going, no more does America, so much of it at least as is vocal, give clear evidence of realizing its condition or discerning its obvious trend.

Professor Fay has seen rather more of the United States than most European voyagers see. Just how far his collaboration with Mr. Claflin, begun in 1917 "on the battlefields of Verdun," extends is not divulged, but he has evidently read his American history with care, and his experience as an exchange lecturer at Harvard and elsewhere may be expected to have contributed to his knowledge as well as to his point of view. Writing primarily for a French audience, he must be assumed to have remembered that the interest of the average Frenchman in the life of other peoples is not profound, and that neither recital nor criticism should go too far. On the other hand, it is possible that something was felt to be owed to the academic circles in which Professor Fay has been a welcome guest, and an American

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Sex War

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

A SINCLAIR LEWIS novel is like the atom —that world within a world—as the physicists have been describing it, a nucleus around which the mobile electrons play in their orbits. The nucleus is the theme, with which Lewis has again and again touched the imagination of his multitudinous readers. The electrons are his observations upon American life—an inspired reporting, diffuse, temperamental, passionate, sane, which is so vivid in its realism and so exactly imitative of things seen and heard that it has sometimes usurped the reality until for many readers, and not all of them foreign, "Babbitt" and "Main Street" became interior America. When the theme is deeply imaginative and its charge of interest strong, his novels rise toward greatness. When it is weak, they grow discursive or vituperative. He will change as you read from novelist to reporter, and from reporter back to novelist. Theme and imitation were nicely balanced in "Main Street." It defined a civilization, and yet was better felt than read. Theme gripped and held "Babbitt" to the end, and that book must be regarded as the highest artistic achievement of its author. In it Lewis created one of those imperishable character types by which periods and cultures are remembered. But in "Arrowsmith" the reporter, hot upon the track of science, ran off with the story; and in "Elmer Gantry," sheer hate lifted him to that bad eminence of denunciation where many journalists have stood, but few artists were most themselves.

"Dodsworth"* is another "Main Street," a "Main Street" sophisticated and matured, with a new problem, but the same broad pages full of the most excellent reporting. The characters, this time, are neither boobs nor hicks, nor Babbitts nor pseudo-intellectuals. The scene is Europe more than America, and if you want a realist's guide-book to the American's Europe here it is. Compare it with Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" for a view of what has happened to the satirist's spirit and the American point of view in three quarters of a century. "Dodsworth" is thus the "Main Street" type of Lewis novel where the theme never entirely dominates the reporting, where one reads for pages with an interest quite independent of the plot; yet it is a real theme, drawn, as always with Lewis, from something heavily inarticulate in the American imagination; and to call this book, as some reviewers have done, merely a satiric description of the American abroad, is surely to miss "Dodsworth" altogether.

I shall leave the reporting to the readers who must know already what Lewis can do in this way, where he has few rivals. Let him cross on a liner, stay at an English country house, haunt the *de luxe* hotels of the Continent, meet the driftage of expatriated Americans, enter only a little way into the civilized Europe of the cultivated who live, not merely work or visit there, then give him a typewriter and watch the panorama roll with its full backgrounds, its lightning flashes of comment, its dialogue of an incredible verisimilitude, its character types which, if seldom characters, are always symbolic, its vivid note-takings of a restless spirit, uneasy, unrooted, never anywhere quite happy, or at home, and hence always sensitive, mordant, awake, and aware. . . .

Let me rather discuss the theme of this book, which is important. It is the sex war in America, but not sex in the glamorous biological sense popular in so many recent novels, and not war of the physical variety.

Sam Dodsworth is a good citizen and would be welcome in any civilization. He is honest in his intellect as well as in his business. He is educated at least well enough to profit easily by more education, which is one way of saying that he is a college graduate. He is creative—makes things, does not merely trade in them, makes specifically good automobiles; indeed he invented the "stream-line" body. At about fifty he finds himself sufficiently rich and increasingly restless. Unlike the industrial heroes of intellectualists' books, he is not a passive victim of machinery. He has had a good time with his automobiles, and his back-slapping friends, and his golf, and his poker games. But new tastes and new desires are maturing in him, as so often happens at middle age. He likes good books, good pictures, good scenery, interesting people, and proposes to see more of them before it is too late. Zenith is too narrow for his interests. He has been a faithful servant to the industrial revolution, now he proposes not so much to "live"—he *has* been living—but to live more deeply, more widely, differently, with the whole man and the whole world for his scene.

In short, here is a good man seeking "culture" because he wants it, and likely to get a very sound variety. Part of the story tells of his many defeats on the way to victory; tells particularly of the marks of habit in a régime of business success and social mediocrity which will not wear out, of the agonized parting of flesh from flesh as his links with his old life stretch and he begins to see the tawdriness of much he loved best in it before he can be sure of

* DODSWORTH. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $2.50.

This Week

"Dodsworth."
Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.
"The Impuritans."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.
"Rachel."
Reviewed by ABBÉ DIMNET.
"Middletown."
Reviewed by WHITING WILLIAMS.
"The Heart's Journey."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.
"Thy Dark Freight."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.
"The Pathway."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.
Four Works of Literary Criticism.
Reviewed by FRANK MORLEY.
Comments.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

The Safeguard of Prosperity.
By ELMER DAVIS.

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what was good, before he has anything better ahead. Henry James might have told that story—has told it in fact, but with a subtlety of which Lewis is not capable, and with characters whose airy unsubstantiality upon any conceivable American soil Lewis would have despised.

Lewis chooses to make Sam Dodsworth's civilizing a sub-plot only. He is more interested in why he almost failed, than in what he was like when he succeeded, if indeed he knows.

Enter, therefore, Fran. She is the wife—and it may be credited to Lewis that for all his fondness for spreading a complete Sunday newspaper of the doings of the visible world in his novels, he keeps "Dodsworth" strictly to the focus of Sam and Fran. Not children, not friends, not background, not even lovers—of whom there are several on both sides—are allowed to interfere with the drama which here is a drama of husband and wife. Fran, unlike the Disturbing Factor of many Lewis novels, is given nearly all the attributes of a charming woman. I say given; actually they are heaped upon her as armor might be heaped upon an enemy who one knows is to be destroyed. She is beautiful, she is witty, she is intelligent, she has a sense of humor, and Sam, at fifty, with grown-up children, is deeply in love with her. She is triumphant at home, she is triumphant in Europe. She thinks of Sam as her loved, but blundering, elephant, a great industrialist, an intellectual child; and yet she will fly to his rescue and back to his arms with the protective instinct of a mother.

* * *

That is the trouble. She is protective, intellectually protective, which is another way of saying that she is unbearably superior. She snubs her husband's reachings for culture as he might put the brake on an unwieldly car. Culture is *her* province—automobiles, money, and attendance his. The two are curiously alike in their typical American histories. He has built up a great industry, got it off his hands, and is ready for new experiences. She has organized (most efficiently) a home, a social position, and a social education, raised two children and got them off her hands, exhausted Zenith, and also is ready for something new.

But there is this fundamental difference. Culture for her is a means of gratifying her passion for action; it is a playing field for her ego. It is woman's arena where her talents, freed at last from drudgery, can achieve the kind of triumph which can be measured in terms of industrial and financial achievement. . . . It means for her Success. Culture for him is something beyond success, in which blunderingly, stupidly, he can begin to find his soul, relax and examine his self, which has been held so long rigid against the needs of executive achievement.

And hence a drama of very real poignancy. For Lewis leaves no doubt that Fran's brilliant toyings with music, art, conversation, are self-conscious vanities, as fragile as etiquette and as meaningless as ornament without structure behind it. Her culture is facile, unreal, sterile. His is inarticulate, without confidence, naive, and yet groping (as in his streamline body) toward an authentic expression of art. He is a tortured man, always slipping nearer and nearer toward slavery.

If there is passion in this book, it is not in the love affairs—whether Fran's with her impudent Englishman, her exotic Jew, or her lovable Austrian, or Sam's with his Paris wench, his liquor, and the cool, quiet friend who saves him at the end. The passion is a passion of denunication, not unmeasured as in "Elmer Gantry," but with a whole heart against the feminizing of America, the unholy bisection of life which men permit by their obsession with business and women love because, relieved of housewifery, freed of excessive childbearing, given economic freedom, they can become esthetic Amazons with barbarians for husbands, protectors, and slaves.

* * *

Lewis has had his say of Babbitt, the industrial robot, mean-minded, small-souled, who sees life in terms of real estate. But Babbitt, one remembers, at the end of his story was on the eve of reforming. He knew that he had never once done what he wanted. Lewis cannot therefore be accused of unfairness if this time he makes a woman the villain—the woman who will not let Babbitt get up. Fran, for all her efficiency, can create nothing. She can talk and be lovely and have ideas. But they and she mean nothing. She can only borrow a culture she cannot assimilate. And this new Babbitt she dominates, Lewis seems to say, this Babbitt with a man's mind in him, and an education, and a creative ability exercised upon making machines serve their masters—is something of vast potentiality outside industrialism as well as in it. He is the vital force of blind growing things—he the parrot chattering in the treetops.

There is always a sex war everywhere, but this does seem an aspect vital in America today. If there were a million Babbitts, there are at least one hundred thousand Sams and as many Frans, and it is the Frans who set the tone for what we are pleased to call the cultural aspects of civilization. It is the Frans who wish us to be like Europe instead of finding ourselves. It is the Frans who are responsible for the brittleness of standard American culture, its high percentage of the second-hand and of bunk. If when the excitement of exploitation and organization begins to pall, we make here another Byzantine civilization, safe, dull, and doomed, let the woman highbrow as well as the lowbrow male take her share of the blame.

Lewis has often been compared to Dickens. He is more like Howells in this last novel—a Howells less suave, but also less inhibited, and with the same intense interest in the adjustment of the American male to his rapidly changing environment. I have remarked before on the fatuity of those who, not content with attacking his lack of elegance and restraint, say that he has no style. The style of his dialogues and of much of his description is admirable; it has the breath of contemporary life in it, and lifts its accent into a representation that will be memorable. Lewis is a social historian, and has the gifts of a great social historian. When he is not angry, nor playing with his powers of mimicry, he can make a record that is sure to be consulted as long as men are interested in the nineteen hundreds. Art, beyond this social art, does not interest him. His spirit is too unquiet for it. The reporter is too much master in his mind. But when he records a Babbitt or a Main Street or a Gantry or a Dodsworth or a Fran we all begin to see with his eyes. American men were not all, or even many of them, Babbitts, but there was a strong tendency toward becoming. American women—cultivated American women—are not all, or many of them, Frans, but when they join culture to the social graces and tell their husbands to go to the office, there is a manifest drift in that direction. They will not, I think, call this book false history.

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university audience expects something more profound than artifice or phrase and something more satisfying than mere entertainment.

On the whole, Professor Fay meets this twofold obligation very well. He discourses instructively about the development of American politics, amuses himself by classifying the Presidents on a decimal system according to his estimate of their abilities, and leaves us in doubt as to whether the political game, for all its prominence in our national life, is really the serious business that it appears to be. He notes the amazing growth and influence of American business organization, finds something to admire in our architecture, thinks well of the students who flock by the thousand to our great corporate universities, deplores the average theatrical offerings, finds an encouraging desire for unity in the Protestant sects notwithstanding an interesting trend toward Roman Catholicism, looks with awe at the news-gathering ability of the press and with regret at its inattention to ideas, sees small hope for the Negro, and ventures the opinion that "the United States as a people has no adequate perception of its own distinctive literary tradition" and that its writers have never taken "the detached and abstract position which characterizes the great European writers." A look at "hundreds of closed automobiles," parked "during the long summer evenings" on the shores of Lake Michigan, "occupied by various kinds of lovers, some of them young married couples, some engaged or on their honeymoon, others flirts, or boys and girls between the ages of fifteen and seventeen, in their first cars, having their first amorous experiences," provokes only the kindly observation that "in America, thanks to the obscurity which surrounds a man's innermost nature, the realm of transgression is much less sharply defined" than in France, that the thoughts of the petters "remained pure, whether by being absent or prudently repressed," and that "the Americans—at least the Anglo-Saxon Americans—have remained mentally chaste."

All this, and more to the same effect, has been said in substance so many times before, although not often with so much grace and such good temper, that one wonders a bit that Professor Fay should have thought another saying worth while. The trouble with most such observations is not, of course, that they are untrue or one-sided, but that they do not get far beneath the surface. What Professor Fay offers is a kind of surface anatomy of American life; and surface anatomy, while indispensable to the artist, has only limited usefulness in the treatment of functional disease. Professor Fay does, to be sure, put his finger on a good many sore spots in the American body, and suggests that we would do well to look to our health if we want to be happy later on, but he is too polite. The substance of his report is that we have the defects of the quality, but the quality in the main is fine, and distracted Europe ought to study us and learn how to pull together if an Ameroca triumphant is not completely to dominate the Old World and its adjacent parts.

* * *

Mr. Frank, apparently, has very little interest in superfices. When his book was finished, he tells us, he fled to France and on to "intricate, moldering, subtle, immense, intimate, generous Paris," only to turn back again to "the America of beauty and of splendor" with its New York and the South, New England and the West, the Mississippi and the Rockies, and the fringe beyond, and to seek to create it for its own and Europe's sake. "The American who has really lived in Europe . . . to save his life must return to his own place." The discovery of America is, for such, the way of salvation.

The discovery, as Mr. Frank describes it, is not joyous, nor is the journey unincumbered. Mr. Frank carries along an imposing amount of intellectual luggage, and stops again and again to assort and display it. He ransacks history from ancient Egypt to the modern Babylons, marshals the philosophers and soothsayers from Buddha and Plato to Nietzsche, John Dewey, and Heywood Broun, and sweeps majestically through history, psychology, art, literture, economics, and concerns of state, all in search of material for his thesis, support in fact or logic for his argument, and light for his prophesying. Merely as an intellectual *tour de force* the book is inspiring, and if the pace is breathless and the work itself "almost fleshless and with no smiles or pleasant moods at all," the expedition, once begun, remains fascinating to the end.

* * *

What, in this welter of words bedizened with initial capitals, is Mr. Frank's thesis? The thesis is hard to summarize, but its more important points may be briefly stated. Europe, fruit of the Western ages, "swarms in death," and so much of it as is not dead is dying. It has displaced spirit by action, and action is decay. America, offspring of Europe, was "born old," "a grave for the Mediterranean Culture," and time and circumstance made it "a crazy-quilt of sections." The Civil War, instead of being a struggle in which the South lost and the North won, was "the death-spasm of all the Sections, of all our pasts. America emerged from it without sectionalisms, without organic past at all. It was swept to a flat atomic formlessness." Today, America has become a jungle. "In lieu of tarantulas and banyan trees, we have machines; in lieu of the action on us of storms and unguessed myriads of bacteria and insects, we have the intricate pull and stress of economic forces." Our purpose is good, for it is "to create a spiritual active Whole from the chaos which we feel within us," but "since the means we use is Power—child of chaos—we perpetuate our chaos." Power "spreads the machine; the machine acts and man is passive"; hence

> the reign of Power changes nothing. True change means creation, and Power, since it never can surpass itself, never can create. The sort of "change" which we observe in the American world . . . is typified by the electric sign on Broadway. We know that its glittering variance is an illusion . . . The reign of Power threatens to make us the changeless slough of the world.

Living a life in which "the pretense is quite as real as the fact," our isolation of "the Power-fact" gives us certain "pretentious practices and cults"—success, the machine again, efficiency and service, the corporation, the fraternal organization, popular literature and art, sport, politics, crime ("a cult so potent and popular that it outdoes politics and vies with sport in its rank in the public prints"), sex, legislation, official charity, Puritanism, Christian Science, psychoanalysis, etc. All these have a common trait—"they are not what they seem."

From this vantage-point Mr. Frank surveys more

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particularly some aspects of our national life: our love of sport, current arts, politics, and thought. Few indeed of the better known names emerge clean from his critical laundry. The "competent stuff" of Mrs. Wharton, Edna Ferber, Fannie Hurst, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Willa Cather is "reflective, mechanical, apologetic . . . so wholly debauched from art's dynamic purpose that it presents no true esthetic body." "Beyond a fondness for Haydn and good beer, a superficial reading of Nietzsche, and a yeoman's service in collecting (without understanding) American foibles, there is no evidence in Mencken of intellectual action."

Charlie Chaplin working in a bank (as we do), running from the police, hurling impotent pies at Authority and Order, is a cancer of sweetness and light within the bitter body of our darkness. Yet the assumption of his art is ever that these things we love are fanciful, unreal and helpless.

The Constitution, too, is a machine, "constructed by shrewd but spiritually callous men" and "occultly protected by nine pontifical judges—high priests without a god—," and our political leaders, when they are not censors, are Czars. When Roosevelt talked ideas "he talked dead," but "he dramatized his job, he poeticized his platitudinous thoughts." Bryan's ideas rested on "an ineffable complacence," Debs was "a wistful lyricist in politics," and Wilson "the glozer in oleaginous verbalisms" of the "messages" of the three "whom for an hour he succeeded."

Is there, then, no hope for the American future? Mr. Frank seems to feel that there is—perhaps. "What we require of leadership is clearly the integration of our chaos." The chaos must first of all be accepted; then it must be "understood and transfigured." As means to that end we must recover true love between man and woman, substitute for a uniform people "enslaved to the monotone of industrial 'advance' . . . a conscious people, a varied and integral people, the symphonic nation in whom all selves and all visions adumbrate to Wholeness"; recapture the "mystic tradition" which revived for a season in Lincoln and Whitman, and learn to look upon state, church, and person as Verbs and not Nouns. All this, if done at all, will be done through groups. "The method of American life must be the group," each member of which will live as a conscious part of the Whole.

* * *

Mr. Frank benefits somewhat through typography. The average reader of his pages is very likely to think that Power is something different from power, and the Whole somewhat greater than the whole. A profusion of taking phrases, joined to a hammer-like way of stating his convictions, tends also to deepen the impression that what is said must be, without a shadow of doubt, exactly and indubitably so. Whether what Mr. Frank has observed and recorded is in any proper sense a rediscovery is quite another matter. Stripped of mannerisms and parade of learning, the upshot of Mr. Frank's criticism appears to be that we are a grossly materialistic people, that our cultural level is low, that we not only enjoy power, but come near to adoring it, and that the spiritual side of our nature is very poorly developed. There is nothing particularly new in this, unless it be the aggressive fashion in which Mr. Frank says it and his decision to picture a rising sun in a sky so overcast as to make one wonder whether a clear noonday brightness will ever appear.

It would take a long time to examine in detail Mr. Frank's philosophical views of the nature of the machine, the freedom of the will, personality, necessity, and the like which underlie his argument. The views are important as showing the foundations upon which his observation platform is built, but one might disagree with all of them and still feel compelled to admit that the thesis of the book is essentially and sadly true. Mr. Frank does not end, however, without at least an intimation of hope. Whatever may be thought of his conception of an America which shall sometime impart new life to Europe, or of his vision of a "creative and receptive Europe" turning to us "not in self-defense but with the open heart of need," we are summoned to the great task of saving first our own souls. The group is potent, but its essence is "the person," and "the issue of the world lies therefore in the heart of the American person." It is not the first time that we have been told that a worthwhile society is not to be developed out of individuals no one of whom amounts to anything important, but the admonition is worth repeating even if it is not new.

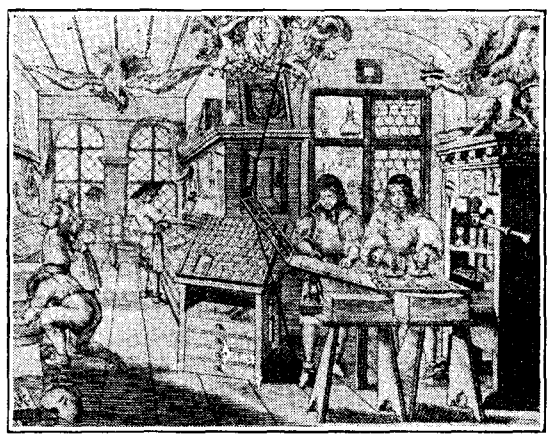
Attack on a New Front

THE IMPURITANS. By HARVEY WICKHAM. New York: The Dial Press. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THE counter-revolution against the defeatist philosophy and the literature of disillusion has gone so far by now that its leaders should consider their strategy; the time has passed when it was a moral victory to keep the field at all. Mr. Harvey Wickham, who bombarded the enemy last year with "The Misbehaviorists," attacks now in another sector; and a reviewer who counts himself among the New Reactionaries must report that "The Impuritans" would have accomplished more for our side if it had attempted less. Mr. Wickham is many-sided—a literary critic of unusual sensitiveness and insight, a student who has read widely and formed numerous firm opinions, an inveterate epigrammatist, and a terribly poor showman. There is excellent stuff in this book, but it begins on page 137. Even after the author gets going he interrupts his assault on the Impuritans to devote a chapter to Mencken, who turns out to be a Superpuritan and worthy of praise. It is a shrewd and a not unfair estimate of Mencken; but what is it doing in this gallery?

It must be a hardy reader, whether friend or enemy, who plows through the long dissection of Weininger and Havelock Ellis to reach the admirable commentaries on Cabell and Proust. Mr. Wickham attacks Weininger's theory of sex differentiation and his philosophy of sex relationships,



A LETTERPRESS PRINTER'S OFFICE
From "Life and Work of the People of England," by Dorothy Hartley and Margaret M. Elliott (Putnams).

normal and abnormal. So long as he convicts Weininger out of his own mouth with maliciously collated quotations he is effective; but when he essays direct attack, his dialectic becomes sophistical. Like an over-skilful lawyer addressing a jury, he makes the better appear the worse cause.

Rejecting Weininger's theory of inversion, he has to go to his old enemies, the Behaviorists, for an alternative: inversion is always the result of pernicious education, its victims can all be cured if you catch them in time. Let us hope so; but until more of them are caught in time this can be neither proved nor disproved. Whether Mr. Wickham's biology is sound or not, his history is rather subjective. He jeers at the moderns who, because the Greeks were great, healthy, pagan, and uninhibited, conclude that greatness and health sprang from uninhibited paganism. Then he goes on to say that paganism—"the Forest and the great god Pan"—was what ruined Greece. Whatever may have been the source of Greece's greatness, this explanation of its downfall is demonstrably wrong.

Mr. Wickham believes in authority; he thinks that a good deal of absolute and final truth is now available, and permits the inference that the Catholic Church has most of it. This is not likely to promote harmony among counter-revolutionaries. There can be no morality, he says, without religion; and true religion is Christianity. Probably he does not mean that as Dr. Straton would mean it, but precisely what he does mean remains obscure. What he means is his own business; but if the people he is trying to convert believe him they are more likely to reject morality than to embrace religion.

He is on a broader foundation when he attacks the spiritual suicide of D. H. Lawrence and Sherwood Anderson, who would abandon the white man's civilization and make an infantile regression to the healthy animal bosom of the Mexican Indian or the American Negro. Wyndham Lewis, in "Paleface," has already taken the skin off these particular defeatists. Mr. Wickham rubs it in by dragging up the healthy animal Negro in person, as seen in "Home to Harlem." What is he? Just another defeatist, corrupted by Aryan despair.

The long chapters on Proust and Cabell are worth your three dollars and a half, and worth it chiefly as exercises in literary appreciation. Even when Mr. Wickham castigates these Impuritans, he does it in the mood of an all-too-human Grand Inquisitor, who cannot repress a tear as he condemns a beloved body to the reformatory rack. The polemic of the Cabell chapter hits the Cabellians rather than their master, who has never taken his own deification as seriously as his disciples would like. Proust is criticized chiefly for his treatment of inversion, which Mr. Wickham finds highly inaccurate. Whether he is right or not, his subtle analysis would probably have given considerable intellectual entertainment to Proust himself. He throws in an explanation of the general masculine conviction that Lesbianism is venial, while its male counterpart is abhorrent, which seems entirely sound.

The book is amusingly illustrated by Theodore Scheel; but (if one may venture to anticipate the verdict of the *American Mercury*) it sadly lacks an index.

A Queen From the Ghetto

RACHEL. By JAMES AGATE. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by ERNEST DIMNET
Author of "The Art of Thinking"

MR. JAMES AGATE has just given us another biography of the extraordinary woman whom people, with innumerable nuances of affection, respect, admiration, or tolerance, call Rachel or Mademoiselle Rachel. There will be more, for the subject is inexhaustible or, at all events, is far from being exhausted.

A Jew, an humble Jew, *un très petit juif*, of the name of Jacob Félix lived at Metz (in those days a purely French town) in the early years of the nineteenth century. He was a pedlar and went round selling almanacs, ready-reckoners, quack medicines, statuettes of Saint Roch, rosaries, and charms. He had a wife, Esther Haya, the daughter of a ragman of Bohemian descent. Both were continually on the move and, in spite of that, were continually adding to their family. "Sarah was born in Germany, Raphaël in Mâcon, Rachel in Switzland, Rebecca in Lyons, Dinah in Paris; Lia it does not matter where." Jacob Félix had something in him like a literary turn and taught Sarah and Rachel to read out of no other book than Voltaire's "Zaïre" (still to be found in many a garret when the present reviewer was a boy). Rachel's ears—as Joseph de Maistre says himself—having early drunk in classical nectar never could tolerate the sour stuff of the Romantics.

In 1832, when Rachel was eleven, the whole family arrived in Paris and settled where new Jewish arrivals still settle to-day, back of Notre Dame. Rachel and Sarah went round the humble cafés of the quarter singing and collecting. The story has been told a hundred times of how one Morin, a clerk in civil service, was struck by the beauty of Sarah's voice and introduced her to Choron, one of the founders of Conservatoire, how this introduction led to Rachel being introduced in her turn to Saint-Aulaire, a sociétaire of the Comédie Française, and ultimately to Samson, the greatest teacher, in those days, of the dramatic art, through whom the girl entered the Conservatoire. She was fifteen at the time, and during the two preceding years, she had played at a humble theatre thirty-four parts from the classical repertory. Saint-Aulaire and Samson had given her the technique as well as the spirit of the *Comédie-Française* and she could dispense with the tuition of the Conservatoire which then as to-day was only the ante-chamber to the Théâtre-Française. In a short time she was offered an engagement at the Gymnase, was only moderately successful, went back to Samson for more coaching, and finally entered the Comédie-Française with a salary of 4,000 francs a year, amounting to about 40,000 francs to-day.

An article by Jules Janin—the Sarcey of the period—announced to the world "the most astonishing child that the present generation has seen." A pretty loathsome liaison with an unappetizing millionaire, Dr. Véron, made the youthful prodigy rich. Her power grew as her influence spread. Long before Musset, in another memorable *feuilleton*, declared that her advent was epoch-making in the history of classical tragedy, France had realized that it was so, and Rachel at twenty was a queen

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off the stage as she was on it. Only the most marvelous soul-distinction, united to a temperament such as Duse alone was to show us, could account for this power. The French aristocracy sought out the girl and Queen Victoria gave her a bracelet. But something in her resisted the invitation to live on those heights. *J'ai hâte m'encanailler,* she wrote from London. In fact she was still a bohemian and Musset's reporter's notes on "Un Souper chez Mademoiselle Rachel" show vividly that aspect of her along with her genius.

She was above conventionalities to the extent of being above morals. She had by Count Walewski, a child who was Napoleon's grandson, and by Count Bertrand another child whose connection would be almost as distinguished, but she had other lovers, as many as Isadora Duncan, and she chose them as often as they chose her. She lived in the actress's notorious *petit hotel* and did not care and when she died, at thirty-six, after a tour in America about which Mr. Agate does not tell us enough, even in his bibliography, the admixture in her of the sublime and the low was as puzzling to her generation as it is to ours. Interest in a great actress will be intensified if the great actress was also a great courtesan, a fact as inexplicable as the problem of sex itself.

* * *

Biographers of Rachel find no great difficulty in impressing us with her power; they simply have to quote from the contemporary evidence which is plentiful and overwhelming, or measure her up by other famous *tragédiennes,* which Mr. Agate does not do enough.

But Mr. Agate does not dwell on the opinions of such judges. He does not dwell on anything. His method is, on the contrary, to hop and skip and skim. There is a vast amount of literature published on Rachel. Mr. Agate, who knows admirably the first half of the nineteenth century in France, is familiar with those documents. He has been content with dabbling in them with the tip of his paper knife, talking as he did so. Clearly he has been terrified by the risk of seeming conventional in dealing with a woman who has become a date in text-books of literary history. Also he may have too much delicacy of touch not to fear at the same time to appear as one more professional debunker. But the debunking atmosphere is around us and he has felt its influence. The result is that there is something a little sordid in this biography of a woman who was not a *petite juive* and was not merely or even primarily a *grande débauchée.* We hear too much about her lovers and not enough about her friends. The atmosphere which Musset has so admirably recreated in "Un Souper," the contrast which so often strikes us in an artist's studio where oaths and outspoken slang suddenly make room for bits of conversation recalling Plato, are absent from Mr. Agate's little book. Rachel's loose behavior, her avarice, the proximity to her of her low family, are over emphasized. We have no doubt that Mr. Agate enjoyed copying what contemporary admirers said of the actress, but he thought it dangerous to add to that testimony, or even analyze it.

* * *

Another characteristic strikes us as we read Mr. Agate. His book hurries along. There are no titles to his chapters and this deprives him of a chance to pause and rest. All the time his accelerated gait puts us in mind of old Sarcey's advice to lecturers and writers: *il faut savoir s'asseoir.* Mr. Agate certainly knows how to sit down. I often feel when I read his articles in the London *Saturday Review* that he knows more or feels more about his subjects than a newspaper article requires. But reading his "Rachel" one thinks of a chatty article for one of the monthlies. The writer never draws a long breath. He is careless in arrangement as he has been in proof-reading. Gallicisms abound and this writer, generally careful, is indifferent.

Yet, if we succeed in getting rid of the idea that Mr. Agate's little biography is a book we at once become tolerant of its deficiencies. The subject is so fascinating that we do not pay any attention to the cavalier treatment it has received. Rachel is alive in those "excited" pages—as Arnold Bennett says—and Mr. Agate knew she would be, and that is enough unless one is reading with a pad and pencil near at hand, and a stern consciousness of professional duty.

George Moore, who is now seventy-seven, is rewriting his new novel, "Aphrodite in Aulis," after burning the whole of his previous work on the book.

Through the Looking Glass

MIDDLETOWN: A Study in Contemporary American Culture. By ROBERT S. AND HELEN MERRILL LYND. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by WHITING WILLIAMS

"WE'VE cut down all we can on food and the phone is the next thing to go. I'm not strong enough to wash as I used to when he was laid off. He hates to see the phone go—it's the only way we hear from our children."

"I work nights, Judge, and sleep days, and I haven't been able to keep in touch with George."

"I don't know how we're going to get the children through college but we're *going* to. A boy without an education today just ain't *anywhere!*"

"No, my man just sees the men at work. He don't go to the lodge any more. The auto has ruined the lodges and everything else."

"I learned three things from this meeting. There were three kinds of Greek columns, Roman architecture wasn't as good as Greek, and Alexander the Great lived before Christ."

These are some of the disturbing wrinkles and crows-feet in our present-day industrial and social face as revealed by the mirror held up before us throughout five hundred-odd pages of careful statement as to how 38,000 of us were recently observed to work, learn, love, and play in a typical though anonymous Middlewestern city. It is hard to gainsay the mirror's truth—because its evidence both as to what we are and what we were some thirty years ago, has been gained by an amazingly painstaking study of the town's factory payrolls and country club rosters, Rotary programs and society columns, school curricula and court records, housewifely hopes and fears breathed to a friendly interviewer in the front room, or cheerful records of trolley rides and ice cream socials in some diary of 1890—all for revealing every lineament of our present visage in contrast to the one of a generation ago.

If you believe it would do your soul good to look at such a reflection of yourself—yourself and all the rest of us—then look into this book's pages—and if you can, keep from unhappy pondering as to what manner of man—and woman—you and all the rest of us are apparently becoming!

That being so—that being the compelling power and somber glory of the book—it seems nothing less than a pity that the reader is forced so often to feel himself in touch, not with the vital, troubled human beings before him in the glass, but, instead, with the dispassionate and highly scientific holders of it! Of course it was essential that those reflections should be truthful and to the utmost accurate, emptied so far as humanly possible of the reporters' prejudice and bias. But that should not require these reporters to show on so many pages how they themselves are driven by that same fear they found gripping everybody in "Magic Middletown"—the fear, namely, of being tested and found wanting by the members of one's particular "set," of falling behind the Joneses. It is certainly most regrettable that, in order that none of their fellow investigators may point at them the finger of professional flaw-picking, the authors keep laying down the precious mirror while they defend, explain, modify, warn, amplify, or annotate, if they do not, worse, try to interpret by stating that: "The exclusive emphasis upon romantic love makes way as adolescence recedes for a pragmatic calculus!"

It is little less than a social crime that such magnificent thought and skill should be given to securing the picture, and then apparently, so little consideration devoted to choosing and applying the best method of the picture's presentation. It is greatly to be hoped that the text may be rewritten, with an introductory chapter explaining, and gaining credence for, the reportorial method employed, with the most illuminating of its notes incorporated in the text and the bulk of the others put into a remote if extended appendix. Beyond doubt, that complex of hopes and fears, aspirations and fatigues, which so drives the Middletowners, is so vital a part of this young, new life of ours that any people as self-conscious as we would wish to read it, if only this could be done without becoming not only highbrows but highbrow investigators. For, method of presentation apart, the book stands as a magnificent attempt to assay the gold and other lesser metals —much lesser—found at the foot of the rainbow of a hopeful generation's hard pursuit of industrial science, commercial efficiency, and public education:—

"We lost both our auto and our house. We had paid $334 on the auto and had just a little over a hundred to pay. We'd been paying on the house a little over a year."

"My husband has just gone everywhere for work. We should have been out of debt now if he hadn't been out. It seems like a person just can't save. We started to buy a house a couple of years ago, and his company would have paid the first payment, but the very next day he got his arm broke. I never plan nothing anymore."

"I'll give up my home last—a friend of mine belongs to several clubs and won't resign from any of them, even though her husband has been laid off three months. She says she'll give up her home before her clubs."

"Our little boy had croup and I'd forgotten about this cure, but I got a leather string and he got well."

"At the close of the (Sunday) lesson all classes, old and young reassembled for the closing exercises, and were taught by the pastor the following motto, which they repeated in unison after him: Sunday School Scholars Saved from Sin and Satan."

But any discussion here of the specific values disclosed could hardly come to any finish. More hopeful is it to reflect that, after all, the chief showing of the disturbing mirror is that the outstanding force which has this generation in its grasp is transition, change, at high speed on some fronts, in low gear on others, but always change:—

Thus Middletown, due allowance always being made for wide variations in practice within the city, may be observed to employ in the main the psychology of the last century in training its children in the home, and the psychology of the current century in persuading its citizens to buy articles from its stores; . . . a man may get his living by operating a twentieth century machine, and at the same time hunt for a job under the *laissez faire* individualism which dates back more than a century; a mother may accept responsibility for the education of her children but not for the care of their health.

Indeed, the book's very revelation of the speed of transition in our present social set-up indicates the possibility of improving this set-up when once we learn from just such documents more about the real nature of our social, and especially our human, mainsprings. Throughout the book runs the unexpressed belief of the writers that the whole depressing situation would be cured if once the idea of economic competition were thrown overboard. What is most evident on every page, however, is the tremendous force of public and group opinion in making everyone conform to the requirements of his chosen "set," whether Rotary, Union League, or Klan—with the fundamental competition not so much for economic gain as for social approval, less for filling of pocket than for saving of face. What has held us back from building a fairer social structure is that sociologists as well as economists have so long buffaloed us into believing that the love of money is the root of all individual action and that, therefore, no social impetus can either be gained or directed without the control of money forces.

It is as a part of just such a transition as the book reveals that the day is going to come when the social workers of all our Middletowns will learn in their professional schools how, as "social engineers," they can direct into edifying and constructive channels that "fear of what they say" which makes the flapper all but prefer death itself to ten surplus pounds! It is only a matter of making more articulate the standards of the community's most thoughtful and discriminating citizens in opposition to the over-organized and over-blatant expression of its least discriminating but also, luckily, least valued, approvals.

Such engineers—and all of us—have, to be sure, a most ungodly distance to go, if "Middletown" is at all to be believed. But by the same token, thanks be, "Middletown" makes plain both the goal and the method of its attainment.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 5. No. 36.

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A New Sassoon

THE HEART'S JOURNEY. By SIEGFRIED SASSOON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE publication of a new book by Siegfried Sassoon prompts the student of contemporary British poetry to speculate. The reader of those biennial collections published by The Poetry Bookshop must often wonder what has become of the Georgians, that group of which Sassoon was a late member. A peculiar fatality seems to have descended upon an entire generation of English poets. War accounted for the loss of Rupert Brooke, Edward Thomas, Francis Ledwidge, Isaac Rosenberg, Cameron Wilson, Charles Hamilton Sorley, Wilfred Owen; tuberculosis cut off James Elroy Flecker; something less definite, but as insidious, seems to have sapped the poetic vitality of John Masefield; Lascelles Abercrombie has turned to analytical prose; Ralph Hodgson has not written two verses in fifteen years. In the last decade what new star has been added to the once bright galaxy? Humbert Wolfe? But Wolfe is scarcely an unknown meteor; a watcher of the literary heavens might have charted him as early as 1918. What of the younger generation—the men and women in their twenties and early thirties? A glance at the American list of such "emerging" poets reveals Léonie Adams, Stephen Vincent Benét. Hart Crane, Langston Hughes, George Dillon, Allen Tate, Merrill Moore, Elizabeth Coatsworth, Helene Mullins, Archibald MacLeish, Louise Bogan. Studying recent British poetry, the only "new" names of significance are Peter Quennell, whose idiom has barred him from popularity, and Roy Campbell, who happens to be a South African. . . . One turns back to Sassoon as one of the few who have outlived the war and outlasted a fashion.

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Sassoon's literary development is as contradictory as it is curious. Descended from Persian Jews on his father's side, from a traditional English family on his mother's, Sassoon's boyhood was spent alternating between fox- and rhyme-hunting. He was divided between a love for rugged activity and pale Dawsonesque lyrics; several volumes of the latter being issued anonymously, privately printed and precious—in both senses of the word. A sense of their unreality drove him to a larger work, a poem which, beginning as a parody of Masefield, ended as a revealing and serious self-expression. The war came, finding Sassoon confused; he entered it, hailing it as a solution that was to be, primarily, a spiritual integration. But the battlefield and, worse, the trenches, stripped him of his dreams. The romantic youth longing to meet death "with a rifle in his hand," saw moral death, and disintegration deeper than rotting bodies. His revulsion was recorded in some of the bitterest and most brilliant war-poems ever written. The nightmare over, Othello's occupation seemed gone; Sassoon could not continue writing poems on a subject requiring all his strength to forget, nor could he turn back to the limp lyrics of pre-Raphaelite youth. The first result was silence; then two small chiefly satirical, privately printed volumes issued, as before, anonymously; then (as far as the public was concerned) silence again.

And now, in "The Heart's Journey," we have the distillation of these post-war years, of a decade of silence and sorrow, of long conflict and final unity. This volume and its natural complement, "The Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," give us both sides of the complete Sassoon, the richly molded, mature poet. Here are the visionary ideals of youth sharpened and purified through pain; here is bitter knowledge saved from bitterness by the essential spirit of faith; here, in short, Sassoon's Songs of Innocence are mingled with his Songs of Experience.

The wisdom of the world is this: To say, *There is*
No other wisdom but to gulp what time can give.
To guard no inward vision winged with mysteries;
To hear no voices haunt the hurrying hours we live;
To keep no faith with gostly friends; never to know
Vigils of sorrow crowned when loveless passions fade . . .
From Wisdom such as this to find my gloom I go,
Companioned by such powers who keep me unafraid.

This is the accent, grave, searching, and sure, sounded again and again in these poems. The smallest of Sassoon's volumes physically, the largest in implications, it is strengthened by values that are not dependent on situation, not conditioned by temperament or time. Many readings will not exhaust the beauty that is more than verbal in "Farewell to a Room," "Strangeness of Heart," "Grandeur of Ghosts," "To One Who was with me in the War," "From a Fugue by Bach," "A Midnight Interior," "The Power and the Glory," "Conclusion," the unfitted lines beginning "A flower has opened in my heart," and this brief poem which, synthesizing his qualities, bids fair to last as long as anything Sassoon has created:

'When I'm alone'—the words tripped off his tongue
As though to be alone were nothing strange.
'When I was young', he said, *'when I was young . . .'*
I thought of age and loneliness and change.
I thought how strange we grow when we're alone,
And how unlike the selves that meet, and talk,
And blow the candles out, and say good-night.
Alone . . . The word is life endured and known.
It is the stillness where our spirits walk
And all but inmost faith is overthrown.

It is this "inmost faith" that shines through every stanza in this concentrated work. Out of the war, out of his self-imposed immolation, Sassoon has released the word which is life "endured and known."

The only objectionable feature of "The Heart's Journey" is the price. The regrettable tendency to issue slim booklets for a fat fee is emphasized by these less than forty pages of verse for which the publishers ask two dollars. The printing of *belles lettres* is assuredly not a philanthropic act, but the publisher should meet the poetry-lover part if not half way. Or is it the publisher, and not the poet, who is trying to make verse "precious?" . . . There should be a law.

Sombre People

THY DARK FREIGHT. By VERE HUTCHINSON. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

LANDS that lie close to northern waters undergo constant racking: they are wind-swept and sea-swept of all unessentials. The sands and rocks are bitten into sharp, fantastic shapes, the trees are bent to figures of fantastic angularity. There is no place for the merely pretty or graceful. And the people living by these waters grow to be like their land, character sharpens into its own extreme. What is not water tight and wind strong in house, in boat, in man,—that is destroyed. A hard land for a hard people.

Such is the land and the people of "Thy Dark Freight." The novel is like a painting that needs to be viewed from a little distance. From too close the work seems out of proportion and the colors crude; from the best angle of vision colors and shapes fall into place, the picture becomes a convincing whole, and details are forgotten. So with Vere Hutchinson's story. In the reading there are strains on one's credulity, exaggerations, yet once the book is closed only the dark truth of the whole remains, the sombre and inevitable running of the sand through the glass.

Janetha Forde was no child of love. She was to her mother only the ugly proof of her father's brutality. This mark was upon her before she knew of it or could understand its significance. But she could understand that her father would have none of her—his hard, fanatic interest all lay in his warped religion of the little chapel; she knew her mother cared nothing for her, the passionate mother love running narrowly and swiftly to a son. So Janetha's life became her own.

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Briefly, beautifully, she was able to give it to love; a few months only, then loneliness again, and her life to be taken up as a task. For Janetha's son had the "Goutby thwart," that evil, threatening strain that flames into violence and worse down the generations, leaving free an individual now and then, as it left Janetha's lover, Yeo Goutby. But Yeo's strength and tenderness were caught by the sea before his son was born. Janetha, in utter poverty, in disgrace, with a baby whom she feared bore an ancient curse, began her long fight. The individual against heredity.

The life and character of Janetha stand out as the sharp focal point of "Thy Dark Freight," but the other people, the horrible old Goutby, the half-witted Louie with her torture-splatched cats, the two landladies of the inn, and innumerable others, all show that Vere Hutchinson is a creator of character who may be mentioned with Sheila Kaye Smith at her best; with Thomas Hardy. Her people are not comfortable, they are not people you know, but they are people who, after the author has done with them, exist.

Mystic Revelation

THE PATHWAY. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

MR. WILLIAMSON, whose "Tarka the Otter" was universally praised as a masterpiece among books about wild life, has followed it with another book which, though it has not the same unity of artistic effect, is far profounder and more moving. "The Pathway" is a novel of the English countryside, breathing in every chapter that love of ploughland and down, of thorntrees and plovers and meadow-mice, that is planted so deep in the Englishman. Of late years we Americans have become conscientiously autochthonous; we have written a great deal about our closeness to the soil of our broad new country; we should like to believe ourselves sprung from dragon's teeth. But the truth is that, except for our real farmers, who do not write books, the English are far nearer to the earth than we. English gardens are a part of the house; winter and summer find their way indoors in England. And sometimes an Englishman who is also a poet writes a book, like "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" or "The Pathway," which shows us how the English love their dear earth.

"The Pathway" is a book to make every reader ache with homesickness—townsmen for the country, Americans for England, Englishmen (I imagine) for Eden. For lovely as the world is, Mr. Williamson shows glimpses of a Paradise that might be if only men would follow nature. His hero, Maddison, has made his own interpretation of the message of the Truth, "Khristos," whom he believes to have been manifest in Christ: sin is artificial; if we would be natural, all would be well. Maddison himself is one of those fine and tender spirits, like Socrates and Shelley, who inspire great love and great hate, and are in the end always broken upon the rack of this tough world. There is no place in England for Maddison, who believes that the Church has lost all the truth in its symbols through sheer stupidity, that the virgin birth of Christ must be attained by every soul, and most important of all, that one must follow nature always.

That is a hard saying. Again and again one lays down "The Pathway" to think. Yes, no doubt hatred between countries, no doubt all the little stings with which our desires are goaded in our modern cities, are artificial; if we were natural as hawks we should be free of all those. But beyond that, is being natural the way to attain the parthenogenesis of the soul, to be born again as little children? For Maddison, no doubt; but for the mean sensual man? For oneself? And again, *quid est veritas?* What is nature?

Maddison himself answers all these questions through his own inspiration or revelation. His heroes are the inspired poets and saints: Shelley, Blake, Saint Paul. It is strange to find Saint Paul, the theologian, with his insistent opposition of the natural and the spiritual man, in that company; but indeed it is strange to identify Maddison's Khristos with the Evangelists' Christ. Maddison is a law and a gospel unto himself.

Looking at the sky, he felt no remorse for having known love before; only regret. All the acts of men, that priesthood called sin, rose before him, but no human action could seem sordid under the blue space around the world. I regret nothing, he said to himself.

That is beautiful, but it cannot be drawn from any traditions of the Christ. Whatever Jesus was, He certainly taught that there were sins, and that they were regrettable.

These doubts trouble one only after he has shut the cover on the fascination of the book. The reading of it is as tonic as a plunge in the ocean: on emerging from it one feels that his own body is as cold and keen as sea-water. It is only on reflection that one comes to believe that Maddison's faith is too personal to be learned or taught. If any one shares that mystic revelation, that is the pathway for him: if not, there is no help in it for him.

Nevertheless, for its beauty and its piercing ideas, this is by all means a book to read.

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Literary Critics

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TASTE. By E. E. Kellett. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $1.25.

THE GARMENT OF PRAISE. By Eleanor Carroll Chilton and Herbert Agar. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $5.

PHASES OF ENGLISH POETRY. By Herbert Read. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $1.25.

LYRICAL POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By H. J. C. Grierson. The same.

Reviewed by Frank V. Morley

OF these four works of literary criticism, Mr. Kellett's is the most startling. He makes himself out to be a lively and erudite anarchist; and when such a mood comes over a writer of Mr. Kellett's standing, we have to pay attention. He begins guardedly, but once he is excited, he is ready to knock things down in all directions. If we analyze what happens, and express it in a different metaphor, the trick is seen to be both old and simple. He shuffles words like "taste," "criticism," "fashion," "beauty," "opinion," "fame," "goodness," until the spots are worn off; they become at length indistinguishable, and the whole pack, says Mr. Kellett, might just as well be torn up. When it comes to an end, he makes out he has had a good game, though now it is time to go home. He gets a safe conduct by stating that he, for one, is on the side of the many as opposed to the side of the few, and waves his hand as he goes out of the same door whence he came in. But at the end of such an entertainment, when one is left to ruminate amongst the wreckage, the trick may not seem such a good trick after all.

> The variations of literary opinion (says the introductory note) are as numerous and as perplexing as those which Bossuet found among the Protestants, and arise from similar causes. There is the uncertainty about the standard of reference, and there is the difficulty of interpreting the standard when, if ever, it is found. Literary merit is a form of beauty, and—despite Burke—it is by no means demonstrated that absolute beauty exists: nor, if it does exist, is there any certainty in the application of the canon to particular cases . . . . In the present little work I . . . select, from the great mass of available material, a few specimens of the greater changes in literary taste which the world has seen. Only thus, in my opinion, is there any likelihood of finding something like a solid foundation amid the shifting sands of criticism.

Fair enough, and we know what we are in for; that there will emerge no rules that cannot be broken, no fashions that cannot be made fashionable at certain times, or that can remain fashionable at others. But that is not sufficient for Mr. Kellett, when he is excited. "There is nothing good or bad anywhere, and most certainly nothing in the sphere of esthetics, but thinking makes it so. . . ." Hm! It is not demonstrated that absolute beauty exists, says the introduction. Most certainly absolute beauty does not exist, says page ninety-six. Quite a difference is implied by these two statements. Even among rationalists Mr. Kellett may have trouble backing up the second. He proceeds by the familiar argument, that the beautiful is the habitual. The literary beauty of the Authorized Version of the Bible, for example, was not perceived at the time of its appearance. "It was read by all," says Mr. Kellett. "Such a work, at such a time, exercises an unparalled influence." But "there is no sign" that anyone perceived the literary beauty. Mr. Kellett is tempted to believe "the very opposite"; which, if one thinks about it, is unintelligible. These are strong phrases for an investigator who professes "due caution and full recognition of liability to error." Having examined criticism among the Greeks and Romans, and, in England, among the Elizabethans, Classicists, Romantics, and Victorians, Mr. Kellett announces the result:

> There are no permanent or established principles in criticism, is the one thing that emerges from such a survey; the one thing certain is that there is no certainty. . . . Goodness being a relative term, it is vain to call a thing good without saying what it is good for. . . .The wind of fame bloweth where it listeth. . . . The moral for the critic is obvious. He must deal less freely than is his wont in triumphant certainties and "absolute shalls."

In other words, there is no field of discourse, not merely about books, but about anything. What has brought Mr. Kellett to this conclusion seems to me to be wilfulness. He has not bothered to announce any regulations, and considers it fair to alter them at his own pleasure. A two is at one moment a two-spot; at the next, all deuces are wild. In such a game, it is as well to watch your money. The critic who gets mine is the man who distinguishes between the realms of knowledge and opinion; who relates certain terms (say "truth" and "beauty") to the former, and others (say "fame" and "taste" and "fashion") to the latter. It is not difficult to argue that all opinion is opinion, and that it is a sickening sea. To argue that all knowledge is opinion is something else again, which does not usually survive much contemplation. The second argument is that a horse can be beautiful only because we are accustomed to horses; that there is no beauty in geometry except by convention; and that Wordsworth really should have written

> Bliss seemed it in that dawn to be apparently alive
> But to be comparatively young seemed very heaven . . . .

It is curious to see Mr. Kellett skipping from one argument to the other, with little of the caution which he recommends.

But if we feel that Mr. Kellett goes too far, we also feel that to claim slightly less would make an excellent case. A great deal of what passes for knowledge is merely opinion; habit often makes the heart grow fonder; and there is as much to say against dogmatism as there is for the desirability of essential dogma. The contrast between "The Whirligig of Taste" and "The Garment of Praise" is like that between a practised chess-player who happens to be in a bad position, and a weaker player who happens to be in a good one. There is no doubt about the fundamental rightness of "The Garment of Praise"; but there is doubt about the treatment. The subtitle of this large volume is "The Necessity for Poetry"; the contention is that this age lacks poets, and that we need them. Mr. Agar starts the ball, by dividing poetry into three types—that of sensuous appeal, of spiritual vision, and of prophecy. He wants all types, but most of all the poetry of vision and prophecy, for their own sakes and for the sake of "sermons against materialism." Machines are getting on my nerves, is what Mr. Agar says, in effect, in a later chapter. "As soon as this chaos stops proliferating, we can begin reducing it to order; but until that time we can do little except seek tranquillity in our own lives." Poetry can help; there is necessity for poetry.

The plea may be expressed in writings about and roundabout, or it may be expressed by going straightforwardly to examples. The word, and, as the jacket says, "impressive" way, is to go roundabout; the direct is the way described by Mr. Agar:

> I once stood beside a landscape-painter on the slope of a hill in the White Mountains. We were looking down a valley which seemed to me beautiful, but subdued. My friend spoke of it as "all ablaze," and when I asked him what he meant he began pointing out the colors which my untrained eyes had either overlooked or else had blurred together into an unexciting neutral shade.

Such an awakening is most easily communicated by critical writing which goes to examples, not to theories. The painter pointed out the colors; he did not seize the moment to embark on the extremely difficult problem of the relations of art to its own age, and other ages. The hazardous, indirect way tempts Mr. Agar, and his remarks, when they are vague, are often dubious, and sometimes dull. In speaking of science, one is sorry to see that he misses one of the interesting revolutions of our time, whereby intelligent scientists, while admitting no compulsion from outside, say plainly that materialism is not enough for them. In speaking of Shakespeare and Spenser, Mr. Agar comes towards the texts, but even so, not close enough to be helpful. It does not help very much to be told in a general way that Shakespeare is convincing and that Spenser is a superb decorator. Mr. Agar has a warm feeling for Milton; but one wishes he would do what his friend did with the valley—one wishes he would risk all and point out color with precision.

In spite of that, one's sympathy with Mr. Agar is strong. One is less sympathetic to Miss Chilton. Mr. Kellett remarked that not infrequently "the foes of literature are they of her own household." The friend of literature must know how not to hinder, as well as how to help. To banish the headpiece is a bad way of training the emotions. Miss Chilton has contributed four chapters to "The Garment of Praise," and her first sentence boldly asserts what Mr. Agar is a little more cautious about— that "poetry is an expression of the religious mind." Her second paragraph is this:

> There is very definitely such a thing as the poetic mind, and potentially—or at least, ideally—the poetic mind is nothing more esoteric than the human mind. We are all poets in so far as we are aware of the complexity, the loveliness, and desolation inherent in the mystery of being alive. We are all poets whenever we are stirred deeply by the apprehension of a beauty we cannot describe; an apprehension which is so rich with impressions and confused thought and emotion that it is truly incommunicable. We are poets when we are sensitive to the mystery that sometimes divides and sometimes unites the seen and the unseen, and when we glimpse the Poetry of Earth that is never dead, and can never be contained on the shelves of a library.

The beginning of the quarrel is in the word "incommunicable." We are not all poets when we feel incommunicable stirrings; essentially the poet is a man who can communicate. If one is going to analyze the stirrings which affect poets, one may find that some are religious and some due to colic, that some are rich apprehensions and some are sudden angers; but where one finds the poet differing from other men, is in the use he makes of his feelings, the way he transfigures them. Miss Chilton does not give us a close analysis; and throughout her chapters the absence of precision and the dependence on vaguely allusive phrases, make her difficult to read. I believe that we gain little lasting satisfaction from loose phrases; it may be prejudice, but I feel the book's subtitle might have conveyed a better impression than "The Garment of Praise"; and that plain chapter headings might be in better keeping with the book's special plea, than such ornaments as Consecration of Valor, The Sea of Faith, Carpe Diem, A Loud Up-lifted Angel Trumpet, Sword of Lightening, A Darkling Plain, Winds of Nihilism, and Trivial Sands. Aside from the flossiness, the implied generalizations are apt to be misleading. Such chapter-headings are an assault on the emotions; but those who have religion at heart try to teach us to think. It was Traherne who said, "to think well is to serve God in the interior court."

And so one turns with a feeling of relief to Mr. Read's "Phases of English Poetry" and Professor Grierson's "Lyrical Poetry of the Nineteenth Century." These writers have convictions, and are not afraid to express them; but they are both concise and definite. Mr. Read covers the same ground as in "The Garment of Praise." His first lecture on "The Beginning of Poetry" is conventional; the two succeeding lectures, on "Poetry and Humanism" and "Poetry and Religion," are admirable examples of appreciative writing; and the concluding analysis of what is wrong with contemporary poets, though it seems ingenious rather than accurate, is interesting—for Mr. Read, as a not inconsiderable poet, speaks to the point, with special knowledge. Professor Grierson is admirable for such guidance as Mr. Agar referred to in his story of the painter in the mountains. A critic is to be known by his quotations; Professor Grierson goes straight to them, and knows exactly what he is about. This method is probably the only way to waken an interest in poetry; and to awaken an interest is to go a long way towards solving the contemporary problems which trouble the writers of the three books previously mentioned. Apart from problems, it is a joy to read Professor Grierson on, say, Walter Scott.

In a letter to the London *Observer* George Bernard Shaw says: "May I beg my worshipers not to scramble too blindly for alleged Shaviana? Otherwise they may share the fate of one of their number in America who just paid $1,500 for a copy of Locke's 'Essay on Human Understanding.' It was advertised in a sale catalogue as profusely annotated and underlined by me.

"Before somebody else pays $3,000 or $30,000 for this treasure I had better state, unequivocably, that I never read Locke's essay and that I never disfigure books by underlining them. My practice, whether as reviewer or student, is to make a very light dot in the margin with a pencil-tip and note the page number on the end of a slip of paper.

"In short, this $1,500 treasure is worth about 5 cents in the book market, though intrinsically it is worth as much as or more than a commentary by myself."

Mr. Shaw goes on to say that the "annotations" in Locke's essay were by his father-in-law, Horace Townsend of Derry County, Cork.

"I am sorry to disillusion its latest purchaser," he concludes, "and can only suggest, by way of consolation, that if the present rage for relics continues it may easily happen that when all my own autographs are appropriated my father-in-law's may command equally extravagant prices. Meanwhile, will dealers and collectors be reasonably critical and not repeat a mistake which only the prevalent mania can excuse?"

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The Bowling Green

Contents

ONE of the most interesting and luxurious volumes I have ever seen is the special Enthronement Edition of the *Japan Advertiser*, published in Tokyo by Benjamin W. Fleisher. This large folio, beautifully bound in purple balloon cloth with the imperial phoenix stamped upon it in the five traditional colors, contains a number of essays on the meaning and ritual of the Japanese enthronement ceremonies (which last over a period of two years.) I note that among those ceremonies there is a night of final purification when the new Emperor sits alone and in silence, communing with the spirits of his predecessors, from midnight until dawn. It would be well indeed if the inauguration of an American President might be preceded by a brief period of silence. It would be intensely unAmerican, but worth considering, if for one day no newspapers were published and no one did anything but meditate, wherever and however seemed to him best, what might be done to improve the spiritual and physical behavior of the nation.

To my colleague of the Phoenix Nest I submit the following information from the *Japan Advertiser* about the fabled bird as emblem of the inscrutable:—

The phoenix is as inseparable from royalty in the Far East as is the Scepter in Europe. It crowns the throne of the Emperor in his palace in Kyoto. From its beak depends the sedge umbrella which is held above the Emperor as he makes his stately progress to hold communion with the gods.

One of the chief halls of the Imperial Palace in Tokyo is known as the Phoenix Hall. With the phoenix often appears the paulownia, for, say the ancient records, it was only upon the paulownia tree that the phoenix would alight.

All that is graceful and elegant is combined in the form and movements of the phoenix.

In appearance the phoenix is described by one Chinese book as resembling a wild swan before and a unicorn behind. It has the stripes of a dragon and the vaulted back of a tortoise. The feathers have five colors, which are named after the five cardinal virtues, and it is five cubits in height; the tail is graduated like Pandean pipes, and its song has five modulations. It feeds on nothing but the fruit of the bamboo, and drinks only "spirited water," that is, natural water which has been changed into sake. The phoenix appears only during the reign of a virtuous monarch.

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The Manchester *Guardian*, always one of the world's most interesting newspapers, has been looking up the history of cocktails, apropos the republication of Jerry Thomas's "Bon Vivant's Companion." The *Guardian*, with its well-known conscientiousness, assigned one of its editors to go into the matter with care; he reports that the earliest mention of cocktails in English literature is in "The Newcomes," and next (this is a surprise) comes a cocktail in "Tom Brown's School Days." And yet it was the post-war younger generation that was accused of having been the first to dabble in sin. The earliest American allusion to cocktails, according to the *Guardian's* expert, is in Irving's "Knickerbocker Papers."

The *Guardian* goes on to tell us of developments in the smart world of London. Sandwiches and cocktails are superseding dinner, it appears, but perhaps the sandwiches are larger for we read "Special whale or bêche-de-mer sandwiches and cocktails are provided." A whale sandwich might be quite a meal. "Cocktails are now served at most of the mannequin parades in the best Mayfair shops."

The *Guardian* concludes its little essay with a passage worthy of preservation by the anthropologist:—

The case against the cocktail, that "ill-bred drink," has been put finally by the greatest wine merchant in London in these terrible words. He was speaking of the end of wine-drinking in America. "The Americans are a curious people," he said, "very strange people. To let you understand, they took gin and brandy and vermouth and whiskey and lemon and oranges and cherries and olives and sardines and anchovies and goodness knows what, and they mixed them up with ice—*with ice*—and put them into their stomach. They were not worthy of God's great gift of wine. And God punished them, and condemned them for the rest of their lives to drink nothing but—*raw spirits*."

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Certainly I had not supposed that a casual allusion to "the wittiest line of indecorum in Shakespeare" (which we identified only as being in the 5th scene of the First Act of "Antony and Cleopatra") would have brought in so much correspondence. But for the benefit of numerous clients who have written their suggestions, including a President of a Y. M. C. A., I will state that they are all wrong. Without exception they quoted a line which is gross, clumsy, and pedantic; the line I had in mind, which is genuinely amusing and witty, not one spotted.

The present generation likes to imagine itself a connoisseur of indecorum but it has much to learn.

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I haven't had opportunity to investigate for myself, but I have been told that what was once the romantic Sybil's Cave in Hoboken is now a hot-dog stand for longshoremen. Keyserling or Spengler would say that was a comment on modern civilization; but lots of things just happen, without rising to the status of being comments on anything. There are too many comments and not enough civilization.

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It's a long time since I've had a real adventure with a Pullman car. The last one, I think, was seeing the car *Jane Austen* on the Reading-New Jersey Central route to Philadelphia. But the other day, in the big Pullman car dormitory at Long Island City, I saw the car *Joel Chandler Harris*. That will keep me happy for quite a while.

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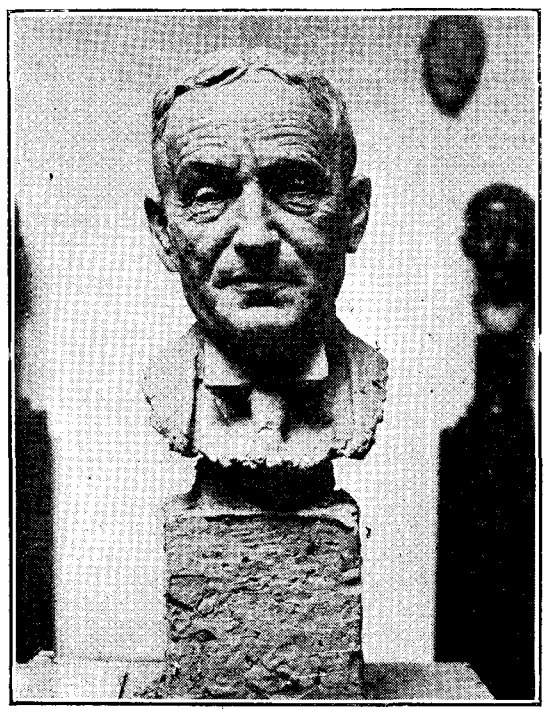
I stopped in to see Jo Davidson at work on his



GABRIEL WELLS
From a bust by Jo Davidson.

bust of Gabriel Wells the eminent bookseller. Mr. Wells sat on a high stool, rather ill at ease, like a small boy being punished; the bearded Jo, picking deftly at the clay with a small scalpel, was quite undisturbed by several casual visitors and emitted songs, anecdotes and bursts of Latin Quarter hilarity as he worked. I begged a photograph of the bust to reprint here. I confess that I was amazed when Jo told me that the job was done in four sittings—of which, he said, "The first sitting wasn't any use at all because Gabriel didn't believe I could do it, and I had to get him feeling confident before I could do anything myself. It takes two to make a bust.

I enjoyed old Ed Howe's autobiography "Plain People," a book written with all Ed's admirable shrewdness and simplicity. I was interested to hear a distinguished man of letters speak of the book as being "so badly written," because to my taste Ed Howe's concise potato-skin sententiousness is perfect for the matter he wishes to convey. Mr. Howe has specialized for many years in what is known as 'common sense.' It is a limitation; he grumbles about literature because he does not realize that the greatest things in literature are infected with lunacy; with absurdities of compassion and intuition where common sense plays no part. But I would not have him other than he is; nor, indeed, has he any intention of being so. It was excellent to discover also that his *Monthly*, ("devoted to Indignation and Information") which I used to read regularly some twelve years ago, still goes on. Its price apparently has risen to "twenty-five cents a year, or five years for one dollar," but it still contains my favorite advertisement of T. H. Jackson's Common Sense Liniment. The little cut of the mule tied to a post still catches the eye, and reminds me that I always intended to write to Mr. Jackson (Quincy, Illinois) to pass him a howdy and evoke some of his ideas about the problems of life.

Mr. Howe's somewhat acid reasonableness, his tough adherence to things that are so, is amusing and even stimulating; but we also need a William Blake now and then. We encounter so many things that are unquestionably So; I am all for a carouse now and then among the impossibles.

There is nothing on earth to be said against Ed Howe as a writer except the gravest accusation of all: that he never says anything that everyone cannot understand. But he gives you many a smile, and even more—for instance in describing a train ride in his youth:—

Opposite me sat a young and pretty girl, and I do not believe I stared at her more than men usually do: but while I was looking at her, she winked at me. I would not have been more astonished had a rabbit shot at me while out hunting, for I had always believed men made the advances.

Mr. Howe understands the skilful use of colons and semi-colons, which is rare.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Travels in Distant Lands

SLAVES OF THE SUN. By FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $3.75.

THE LAST OF FREE ARFICA. By GORDON MACCREAGH. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by EUNICE TIETJENS

IN a corner of the railway coaches of French Tunisie hangs a metal ring with this ingratiating sign—in French of course—"It is forbidden to pull this signal of alarm without a plausible motive." With admirable insight the rulers of trains have perceived that the justice or injustice of the motive which might lead to the stopping of the express is no concern of theirs. They, being human, are concerned only with its plausibility.

Some such warning should be hung about every book of travel. Whatever its merits or demerits, its truth or its fiction, one virtue it cannot dispense with, plausibility. But plausibility itself is a variable. What might be perfectly plausible to a smouldering Slavic temperament leaves an American unconvinced, and it is quite possible that our own most convincing accounts might not touch the Slavs.

These reflections invariably arise in me when I read Ossendowski. It is, I know, quite fashionable to regard him as a literary charlatan, a sort of modern Baron Munchausen. Possibly this is true. Yet Ossendowski, in those books in which I have been able by personal knowledge to check him, is certainly no more "interpretative" than any of the modern painters, Gauguin for instance, whose works pass unchallenged. Probably he is less so. The main outlines of his books are undoubtedly true, as are hundreds of details. It is chiefly in the interpolated tales, picked up by the way and elaborately embroidered, that the sense of unreality lies.

This latest book, "Slaves of the Sun," dealing with a voyage down the west coast of Africa and an excursion through several French territories in the interior, is like all the rest. Those who enjoy his heightening of reality, his keen dramatic sense, his feeling that every country possesses a spirit in itself, quite apart from what happens in it, will enjoy this also. Those who look for a convincingly realistic account of facts will not. Plausibility at the last comes down to the temperament of the reader.

Gordon MacCreagh is a horse of another color. Here is no smouldering Slavic mystery, but a gay, at times even impudent, account of everyday occurences in Abyssinia, the ancient Kingdom of Ethiopia. Humorously yet swiftly he sets forth his travels, his misadventures in hunting, his blunders, the daily life of the white people in the capital city of Addis-Ababa, his acquaintance with King Tafari Makonnen—for whom he has a wholesome respect—and the reactions of the "intrepid exploress," his wife. He adds also something of the history of the country and its place in the world today. Something, too, of the mentality of the inhabitants. And he is thoroughly convincing. I, like most of his readers, have never been in Abyssinia, and I believe the tale.

"The Last of Free Africa" is a good book, an interesting book, a book to be recommended. Yet I cannot help wishing for a little more sensitiveness, a little more imaginative understanding. All that is recorded carries conviction, yet I can but believe that much is not recorded. To me it seems that the overtones of Ethiopia have escaped the author. But that again is a question of temperament.

Mr. Ossendowski's book, whose plausibility would greatly profit by photographs, has none. And Mr. MacCreagh's, which one would believe anyway, has many and excellent ones. Yet I recommend that before the next trip the "intrepid exploress" should learn the art of interpretation with the brush.

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The Feminine 'Seventies

AS any particular period of time steadily recedes into the past, its content in human memory suffers a series of rapid and inevitable transmutations. It fades in patches, it continues but changes color, lightens in one place, darkens in another. It becomes contorted, distorted, and shrunken; here, flattered in retrospect; there, belittled or defamed. Though the whole of that content, we vaguely suppose, is still "there," as precisely fitting its original receptacle as a nut its shell, even of the personally experienced only fragments are recoverable, and they not as they actually were, but as they now look to be. For the rest we must depend upon memorials in print or writing, in stone or wood or canvas, and attempt to translate them into something resembling the original. But even these memorials have been the outcome of a close or heedless sifting and selection and condensation, and they cannot but be modified or falsified in some degree by the perspective of the present, in quality, meaning, and impressiveness.

So with that brief section of time known as the 'seventies. From our crow's nest of the passing hour we gaze out in its direction over the sundering flood in search of landfall and sea-mark. It is a period for many of us (a many rapidly dwindling to a few) just remote and just retrievable enough to be singularly beguiling. What was its general appearance? Who and what was "going on"?

In the 'seventies women were compelled to fight for the privilege of becoming novelists.

In the year 1875, when "Coming Thro' the Rye" appeared and Thomas Hardy had recently published "A Pair of Blue Eyes" and "Far from the Madding Crowd," when Meredith was forty-seven and Henry James thirty-two, when Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Bennett were not yet in their 'teens, the following novelists were more or less engrossed in the production of fiction: George Eliot, Mrs. Henry Wood, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Oliphant, Rhoda Broughton, Charlotte Yonge, Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Betham-Edwards, Mrs. Craik, "Ouida," Mary Elizabeth Braddon, Rosa Carey, Charlotte Dempster, Rosa Kettle, Mrs. Linnæus Banks, Florence Montgomery, Anne Thackeray, Jessie Fothergill, and "Rita." Of the less known novelists of the period nine were alone responsible for about five hundred and fifty-four publications in all, chiefly in three volumes. An average of sixty-one each, that is, with a remainder that would suffice in mere paper for the complete works of Flaubert.

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A hardly less arid and harrowing means of hinting at the situation is to mention a few titles—a title being at least as indicative of the character of a novel as of a man. A large number of the novels of the nineteenth century written by women were called after their heroines—or their heroes. It matters little which, since both usually imply a pursuer and the pursued—only a slight jar of the kaleidoscope, whatever the consequent form and "pattern." For the rest, "Miriam's Marriage," "No Saint," "Only a Woman," "Two Little Wooden Shoes," "A Rise in the World," "Goodbye, Sweetheart!" "Can This be Love?," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Half a Million of Money," "Wee Wifie," "Above Suspicion," may surrender a glimpse of their general trend.

Seriousness, whether it be a condition of the spirit or an attitude of the mind, is closely akin to sincerity, and in some kind or degree, though it may parch like the sirocco bad fiction, it is essential to fine fiction, though a novelist may smile and smile, and yet not be frivolous in virtue or in villainy. George Eliot was so serious as to be by conscious intention didactic, and to declare that her mission in life was that of "an esthetic teacher and an interpreter of philosophical ideas." Yet her fiction survived the strain. Seriousness, indeed, (however airily variegated), prevailed in the minor novels of the 'seventies. It may be in part explained by the fact, already mentioned, that women had been compelled to fight for the liberty of becoming novelists.

"Novel writing," said Mrs. Parr, writing in 1897, and she can scarcely have realized that a quarter of a century afterwards well over three hundred women would be following her own dreadful trade, "Novel writing has now become an employment, a profession, distraction, I might almost say a curse." "The mania to see their names in print," had seized upon her sex. But when in 1833, Anne Manning burst into her father's study with the announcement that she had finished a tale entitled, "Village Belles," "Papa," said she, "I don't know what you will say, but I have written a story?" "Ho, ho, ho!" was what Mr. Manning said. He nevertheless read the tale, and afterwards remarked, "My dear, I like your story very much." But as he never afterwards referred to it again, the problem of what actually passed in Mr. Manning's mind is left unsolved.

It was still something of an event in literary annals so late as 1846, when at the age of twenty, Mrs. Craik fled to London from Stoke, "conscious of a literary vocation." "Women in her day," says Mrs. Parr, "were in intellectual imprisonment." Even in the latter 'fifties, and in spite of the enthusiastic encouragement of John Keble, when Charlotte Yonge announced to her parents that she was about to publish a novel, a family council immediately followed, and its sanction to so daring a "departure from the ladylike" was granted only on condition that Charlotte should not herself profit by any financial reward that might come of it. She agreed; and a large part of her ill-gotten gains enriched missionary work in Melanesia.

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Long before December, 1869, however, the tint of the bluestocking, it might be supposed, had to be very dark to justify the ascription of the term. None the less in 1877 a novel of this title could be published by Mrs. Annie Edwardes. The New Woman, too, though as yet unlabeled, was not unknown. She, too, in the guise of a "writing woman" named Mattie Rivers, appears as "the customary accessory" on a smart yachting cruise in the same novel. She is described as "an emancipated sister of twenty-nine, with a cavalier hat worn distinctly . . . over one ear, a rakish-looking double eye-glass, a cane . . . a palpable odor of Havana smoke clinging to her gentlemanly yachting-jacket, and short clipped, gentlemanly hair."

It was not, however, until the end of the century that the "sex-problem"—dismalest, surely of all phrases—had become, according to Mrs. Oliphant, "the chief occupation of fiction," and that Mrs. Linton could refer to "unveiled presentations of the sexual instincts which seem to make the world one large lupanar,"—a term which I was relieved to find no trace of in "The (Concise) Oxford Dictionary." However that may be, the novels written by women in the 'seventies were still for the most part either love stories, not very subtle, perhaps, but simple, and not usually sensuous, or passionate; or they were tales like "Bridget," by Mrs. Betham-Edwards, or "Debenham's Vow," or "The Mistress of Langdale Hall," by Rosa Kettle, dealing with the domestic affections, and welcomed by the family circle, phrases nowadays perhaps needlessly tepid in effect. If "I don't *think* Papa would mind your being poor" is one extreme of the situation; "I am quite sure that Mamma wouldn't mind your being a marquis," might well have been the other.

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In "The Wooing O't" Mrs. Alexander tells us that Maggie, her chief character, a young woman (the daughter of a chemist) whose "brave little heart" is not less endearing and delightful company than her sound little head, was guided in a certain crisis by "the fixed underlying feminine instinct which has probably kept more women straight than religion, morality, and calculation put together, the true instinct that woman 'should not unsought be won.'" A brilliant and charming man of the world having rescued his titled cousin from marrying her, has himself won her heart—and she, though she knows it not, his. "She cried shame upon herself for thus casting her full heart before a man who didn't want it. . . ." "That," Mrs. Oliphant agreed, "is somehow against the instinct of primitive humanity." So too would most of the heroines of our period. Nor did the women novelists who created them cast *all* that was in *their* full heart before the public. The public had to wait awhile.

That public—an otherwise extremely hospitable one—had lately been presented, though only temporarily, with "Poems and Ballads," and Rhoda Broughton had not only skimmed its pages, but had observed its reflex in life itself. For Nell's sister, Dolly L'Estrange, in "Cometh up as a Flower." (Miss Broughton's first novel of '68), with her "passionate great velvet orbs," was, we are told, "the sort of woman upon whom Mr. Algernon Swinburne would write pages of magnificent uncleanness." She has a nefarious finger in the plot of the story,—she forges a love-letter; but otherwise occupies little space in it; and I cannot recover what Mr. Swinburne thought of her. Even Nell, her Tennysonian sister, was probably in the nature of a bomb-shell for mothers with daughters. It is her own story, and she tells it in the first person, not always as the purist (in grammar) would approve—"every English gentleman or lady likes to have a room to themselves." And its more dramatic episodes are narrated in the historic present, a device at times disconcerting.

> Great tears are standing in his honest, tender, agonized eyes—tears that do not disgrace his manhood much, I think . . . and as he so kisses and clasps me, a great blackness comes over my eyes, and I swoon away in his arms.

If kisses be the food of love, then Eros is on famine commons in Jessie Fothergill's "Probation." It is a tale remarkably well told for a girl in her twenties, of life in Lancashire. As in many of the novels of that period, and in few of our own, wedding bells—a double peal ring out its last chapter. None the less, only two kisses, so far as I can recall, are recorded in the complete three volumes, and one of them is the forlorn farewell of a rejected but still gallant admirer. In "Cometh up as a Fower," which, like many other novels of its day has a sad ending steadily foreseen, they are as multitudinous as dewdrops at daybreak on a briar rose. But both novels are "love-stories," and both are representative.

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All this is by no means to suggest that the fiction whose chief concern is with questions of sex, and whose first green leaf, it seems, was raised from a seed that may have escaped from Aphra Behn's pocket, but was assiduously watered by Charlotte Brontë, was not already in vogue. The intention was different. Love, as Miss Storm Jameson has recently declared, is an emotion that concerns not only the body, but the mind, spirit, and imagination of man or woman. This seems to have been the view shared by most women novelists in the 'seventies, and it gives their treatment of the theme, balance, proportion, and depth. Women of the world they may have been and women (as Rhoda Broughton puts it), "too thorough . . . not to enjoy household work," but in their explorations of the House of Life they did not lavish an unconscionably protracted scrutiny on the drains. Some of them were a little prudish; a few paddled in the shocking; but that as yet was not a difficult feat.

Such, so it seems, was the general reflex of life in the feminine fiction of the 'seventies. And this reflex concerns of course its kind, not its quality. When woman rules, her rod, there as everywhere, is adamantine. When she shares the throne, or takes her Queen for her model, or meekly submits to an autocrat, a little feminine tact or manageableness, or the love that finds out a way, or downright guile, or Lilith-like seducements, come to her aid. A few tears are still a resource, and not to one sex only; a good cry is still an anodyne and a tonic, though the swoon and the vapors are going out. The women novelists themselves, if judged by their work, do not seem to have been made desperately unhappy because in Eden Adam needed a helpmeet for him. To read their fiction is to be refreshed by the courage, the fidelity, the wits, the loving insight, and above all the sovereign good sense of the woman depicted in it. Silliness, gush, sentimentality; the minx, the cat, the gosling; the icy glare of some Potiphar's wife may add their tang, but it takes all kinds to make the world as it is, and these particular kinds in some sort of essence to make even a faintly realistic fiction.

In 1904 Mr. W. L. Courtney published a volume entitled, "Feminine Note in Fiction," a critical sur-

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by Walter de la Mare

vey of eight women novelists of his day in the introduction to which he maintains that feminine fiction in general suffers from a passion for detail. It is "close analytic, miniature work," he holds, usually limited to a narrow personal experience, with a tendency to the self-conscious and a limitation of ideals. "Would it be wrong to say that a woman's heroine is always a glorified version of herself?" It is too strenuous, worn out with zeal, the labor of the half-educated. A woman is that kind of human being, he quotes, "who thinks with her backbone and feels with her nose." Her historical evolution may be summarized in a quintet of terms, three of which are derogatory, "slave, hausfrau, madonna, witch, rival."

This is a withering summary, though it is honey of Hymettus compared with the views of Mrs. Oliphant on the Brontës. Mr. Courtney's tests of the fiction of the 'nineties were severe; the great, and for the most part, the man-made novel was his standard. We may if we please submit the fiction of the 'seventies to similar tests. Does it, in Mrs. Oliphant's own words, concerning its "nobler arts," exhibit a masterly combination, construction, a humorous survey of life, and a deep apprehension of its problems? Is it of imagination all compact, that imagination which, as Jean Ingelow said, is " the crown of all thoughts and powers," though "you cannot wear a crown becomingly if you have no head (worth mentioning) to put it on"? Is it the creative outcome of a central and comprehensive experience of life, and rich and vivid and truthful in characterization? What ardor of mind went to its making, and what passion of heart? What kind and quality of philosophy underlies it? Are these novels puppet work, but exquisite, a variegated patchwork of cleverness, a relief to "fine" and exclusive feelings, a rousing challenge, or a deadly malediction? And last—the question that covers most ground—are they works of art?

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A little quiet reading makes many of these questions look rather too solemn and superior. Few novels written by anybody will survive so exacting a catechism. High standards are essential; but what wilts beneath their test may still have a virtue and value of its own. And we can be grateful even for small mercies. In general the novels that enjoy a brief but vigorous heyday—the idolatry of the few, or the intoxication of the many—so succeed simply because they deal with current themes and theses, or are a lively and entertaining peepshow of their passing day's fads, fashions, fantasies, and fatuities. Having served their purpose ill or well, they perish, or, rather, escape from view. And man has had as active a hand in this manufacture as woman. May tomorrow's brilliant masterpiece then be as modest as it can!

The rôle of the rival however, in literature as in life, is a restless and invidious one, and the mere steady approximation, surely, of either sex to the other would be cumulatively distressing. As that astonishing and precocious young man, Otto Weininger, maintained, the sexes may be not simple but compounded, not two but many. If any particular human being, that is, may be said to consist of ten tenths, some of the tenths may be masculine and some feminine, though it may be difficult in any particular case to fix the precise proportion. The man of genius is said to be compounded of himself, a woman, and a child. It is the colorless medium that would be most deplorable. What was Emily Brontë or Christina Rossetti or Queen Elizabeth compounded of? We all of us have as many granddams as grandsires in our heredity. An Orlando may not be infrequent in life, though he is at present unique in fiction.

None the less, "man and woman created He them." And a burning and secret hope may be forgiven that woman will discover in herself some inward faculty or power unpossessed by man, and one of which we as yet know little. Reality covers a large area. There may be complete provinces of it awaiting her exploration—truth, beauty, meaning as yet but faintly dreamed of.

There is little in the fiction of the 'seventies, one must hasten to add, to suggest this. Still, it nourishes the fond belief that woman as woman, and apart from other sovereign graces, is gifted with her own fine faculty of divination; that she can flit like a fire-fly from A to F-F-F-*Fool*—as Whistler once reiterated—without bothering about B, C, D, and E; that her common-sense, in the old meaning of the word, is peculiarly her own. It suggests, too, that she tends to be a practical idealist. For of all the divinities made in man's or woman's image, none that I am aware of was solely of feminine workmanship. An assertion a little less sweeping might be made in respect of domestic inventions, those labor-saving devices which are sometimes the joy, but usually the secret scorn of the modern housewife. In this fiction, at any rate, ardor for science, pure or applied, is as little manifest as the transcendental. If "The Time Machine" had been written in the 'seventies its author would still, I think, have been a man. So also with "The Return of the Native." On the other hand, neither Thomas Hardy nor Mr. Wells was the author of Jane Austen's novels or of "Villette."

Voteless, "unskilled," man-dependent though the women of the 'seventies were, there is surprisingly little of "Lamentations" and of 'Ecclesiastes" in their fiction. Its liveliest interest is in human beings as social creatures rather than as pilgrims of eternity. Revolt was in the air,—if a very partial and immethodical survey be a safe guide—but extraneous "purpose" seems to have been rare, and still more rare, challenge and battle-cry. For the most part these novelists were eager, absorbed, diligent, recorders. They were assured of what they believed in. They were happy in the company of their characters and delighted in merely telling a story, though even that simple achievement cannot but involve a good deal of "life" in solution. Nowhere apparent in this fiction is man's peculiar inclination to regard an infinite (or finite) universe as though it were a concatenation of miracles, or an overpopulated mouse-trap, or an "unweeting" machine, or an excruciating jest. One becomes conscious of a vague difference in intention, in the views given of life, and in what one most wants in it. There is more wit and irony than humor. Fantasy finds small place in it, and there is nothing—unless unintentionally—grotesque. The smart, the self-conscious, the too clever, is uncommon, and where it is found it is, like old rubber, desperately perished in appearance and effect. Even the sentimental seems to outlast the meretricious; and the rather commonplace love story, quietly and serenely narrated, or even the wildest record of the domesticated, may keep enough of its interestingness to make it still readable by the not too fastidious.

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In matter many of these novels are singularly substantial; in style, sound, workmanlike, practised, and a little formal. If anything, their authors appear to be a little over—rather than under—educated; or, rather, too well-informed. For the fine novelist is in most (that he needs most) self-schooled, self-taught. As a child with his hornbook, Nature stood him, not always very kindly, at her knee; for the rest he went, mind and heart, to the world at large. Its gallery is enormous and open to all. Knowledge, however valuable it may be, may prove imaginatively indigestible.

Many curiosities will be the unforeseen harvest of an adventure into the novels of the women of the 'seventies. If the reader disdain them, he will be less well rewarded. All fiction, however little its author may have intended it, becomes at last a picturesque annotation of history. The very prejudices displayed in it are revealing. But as with many other things in life, what may be an advance is not necessarily progress. Time puts things into proportion, or at any rate into a clearer relation one with another. The novelists attempt a similar feat, but Time has his way with them too. For which reason, and apart from the work of the masters and mistresses of the art, there must be of fiction, as of most things civilized, a constant supply laid on, like gas, like water, like electricity, like leading articles, like politics. Yet though the fashion changes, in essence fiction changes not very much. And even though it flourish as briefly as a poppy in the wheat, it may have consumed the very soul of its maker. The press rings and rings again with carillons of congratulation and flattery, or damns with faint praise. The critic gently or severely displaces the reviewer. A hurricane may sweep across the insular scene from France, from Russia, or from Germany maybe. A Henry James may widen the range, refine the technique, and multiply the difficulties; and the censor may add to the price and increase the sale of some forbidden and even possibly purging dainty which he intended to destroy.

But when all is said, the actual experience of sharing the company of these dead and gone and all but forgotten "lady fictionists"—and even of the less endearing of them—is a rather tragic one.

> Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude . . .

A dead book is a more pathetic, a more forlorn object than a tombstone. It strikes nearer home. In the reading of many such books, even though in the process life stirs in them again, one's mind, if it is capable of sentiment, becomes haunted at last. These are ghosts. A clumsy interloper has pushed open a door only just ajar, and his heavy tread resounds in the still and dusty rooms. The phantom tenants, once eager and warm-blooded, would, I believe, gladly keep him out. They are less alien to him than he to them. But the wan, dismantled house, the wind in its willows, the owl in its cold chimney, night-skies of the nowhere overhead, remains defenceless. It cowers in silence, but cannot eject the trespasser.

And the distant rumor that thrills the air is not only the sound of Time's dark waters, but is mingled with the roar of our own busy printing presses. "As we are, so you shall be!" The very years we now so actively occupy will soon be packed up in an old satchel and labelled, the 'twenties; and our little, hot, cold, violent, affected, brand new, exquisite, fresh little habits of mind, manners, hobbies, fashions, ideals will have thinned and vanished away, will steadily have evaporated, leaving only a frigid deposit of history; a few decaying buildings, a few pictures, some music, some machine-made voices, an immense quantity of print—most of it never to be disturbed again.

In the midst of the battle maybe it is indiscreet to muse too much on the tranquil, moonlit indifference of the night that will follow.

Walter de la Mare, author of the foregoing article, is himself a poet and novelist of note. Among his books are "Songs of Childhood," "Henry Brocken," "Memoirs of a Midget," "The Three Mulla Mulgars," "Peacock Pie," "The Riddle and Other Stories," and "Told Again," all of them published by Knopf. Mr. de la Mare is a writer who combines whimsy and penetration, and who, himself capable of writing of delicacy and beauty, is sensitive to the work of others. The concluding paragraphs of his article sound a note often to be found in his writing. We append to his essay a brief list of reference works to which those desirous of information in regard to the novelists of whom he speaks may turn.

A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors. By Samuel Austin Allibone. Lippincott.

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sir Leslie Stephen and Sir Sidney Lee. Oxford.

Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Putnam.

The Outline of Literature. By John Drinkwater. Putnam.

Bernard Shaw's new play, "The Apple Cart," which is to be produced in England next August, is said to be a story laid in England at some time in the future. The King is supposed to abdicate in favor of his son, and then, as a private citizen, takes up a political career. He becomes a member of Parliament and proves such an efficient statesman that the Government induces him to become the king again!

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Books of Special Interest

Lincoln's Slayer

JOHN WILKES BOOTH. By FRANCIS WILSON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. $4.50.

Reviewed by J. RANKEN TOWSE

IT may be questioned whether, at this late date, there was any crying necessity for a fresh rehearsal of the tragedy of John Wilkes Booth, or whether this latest account of it has any great value, historical or other. Sixty-four years have elapsed since the horrible and insensate deed that shocked the whole civilized world. The furious and bitter political passions of that fast receding period have long since abated, all the protagonists in the stirring scenes of the national convulsion have passed into the beyond, and the noble victim of the wretched assassin holds secure an immortality in the revering memories of his countrymen. Booth himself has become a fading figure in the gathering mists of oblivion. It is to these that he might most contentedly be resigned. In the past, every feature of his character and his crime has been discussed in minutest detail. His latest biographer, Francis Wilson, the deservedly popular comedian, of course has nothing that is at once new and important to tell, and his work, not unreasonably, might be curtly dismissed, as one of supererogation.

But his book, though somewhat diffuse, repetitive, and disjointed, is not without certain absolute merits. It is, at least, a conscientious and laborious compendiary of all known and authoritative records, contains a lot of pleasant, contributory, and not impertinent gossip, is written with a good deal of kindly and judicious observation, and with its compilation of legally proved facts—still occasionally disputed—may, perhaps, give the *coup de grace* to some of the ridiculous rumors set afloat from time to time by the mischievous or the ignorant. And, doubtless, it will find interested readers among those of the younger generations having only the most casual acquaintance with events that happened before they were born. It should be added that they will not be misinformed as to the actual facts, for Mr. Wilson, if not altogether uninfluenced by his long theatrical environment, is an honest and trustworthy compiler.

To traverse, once again, in this review the well-beaten ground that he covers is unnecessary and would, inevitably, be tedious. The main purpose of his book, in so far as it is not strictly biographical, is to give expression to his own estimate—which, probably, does not differ greatly from that of most intelligent and unbiased observers—of the character and motives of the unhappy Wilkes Booth. Without for a moment trying to extenuate the senseless and brutal atrocity of Lincoln's murder—his admiration of the martyred president is fervent and unmistakable—he argues that Booth was not, fundamentally, of the stuff of which the common assassin is made, but an egotistical, purblind, and fanatical zealot, maddened at the last by the desperation of a lost cause, and by an utter misapprehension of the true nature of the national situation and of the really magnanimous and philanthropic part that his victim was playing in it. He insists strongly upon the undisputed fact that the besotted young actor, in the beginning of his conspiracy, contemplated only the abduction of Lincoln—a design that does not appear so completely preposterous when it is remembered how reckless the latter was of personal danger—and that it was only when he heard of the proposal to enfranchise the negroes of the South that he resolved, maniacally, to assassinate the man whom he crazily regarded as chiefly responsible for the calamities and sufferings that had befallen the rebellious states. In his egregious folly he persuaded himself that should he succeed in killing Lincoln, he would be hailed with acclamation in the South as a modern Brutus, the savior of his country from a malignant tyrant. His speedy disillusionment when, as a crippled, starving, hopeless fugitive, he found himself the object of universal execration, brought him to a realization of the enormity of his deed and impelled him to the resolution never to be taken alive. Mr. Wilson, evidently, inclines to the opinion, strongly supported by circumstances, that the bullet that killed him came from his own, not Corbett's, pistol. An investigation by modern gunnery experts would leave no doubt on a question of that sort.

The stupendous folly of Booth's act—almost equal to its iniquity—is, perhaps, the best evidence that can be produced in support of the theory of his mental irresponsibility, that drink and desperation had made him a madman. But it does not constitute irrefragable proof. It must not be forgotten that he was capable of planning other murders than the one he himself committed. From time immemorial assassins, even when the direst of blunderers, have professed themselves to be righteous avengers. And mistaken judgment is by no means a valid defense for murder, let alone assassination. Booth was no fool. There is abundant and convincing testimony that, normally, he was a kindly, genial, highly attractive man. That he had natural abilities of an uncommon kind is amply illustrated by his early successes upon the stage. It is noteworthy that he excelled in romantic and melodramatic characters. Such, for instance, as Romeo, Pescara, and Claude Melnoth. There is nothing to indicate that he was superior or equal to his brother, Edwin. Presumably he was emotional and temperamental. That he was egotistical to an abnormal degree is revealed in his own diaries. A misguided fanatic in politics, schooled in an atmosphere of romance, his egotism helped him confound the horrible with the heroic. He dreamed of deathless fame and achieved a hideous notoriety. Crazy, in one sense, he certainly was, as certainly as he was one of the most lamentable marplots of the ages.

Indian Customs

THE RAIN MAKERS. By MARY ROBERTS COOLIDGE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929.

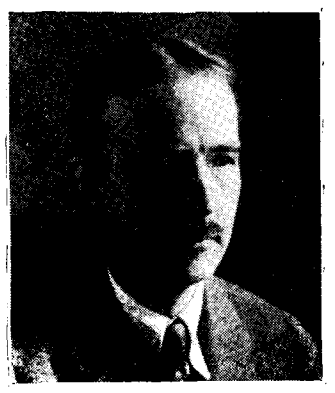
Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

SOONER or later, such a book as this was due to be written. The growing interest in the Indian as a source of entertainment, and properly understood, intellectual profit, has led to the multiplying of books of impressions of him, colored with as much information as the authors could make seem their special prerogative. The peculiar effect the Indian has upon most persons who attain to ever so slight an acquaintance with him as a human being, is to excite the desire in his white friends to claim him as a personal discovery, an especial and exclusive possession. Most of the material relating to his life and customs, presented in books, is so presented, from whatever source it is hastily collected, as to appear the fruit of a fresh and personally conducted inquiry. The result is an appalling tedium in the majority of such books, since the number of writers who can make a second hand garment seem to have been cut to their minds, is limited.

Mary Roberts makes no such claim in "The Rain Makers." The book is frankly an intelligent gleaning from the works of the few authorities on Indian life, and is freely acknowledged to be such. Its material is collected for the most part from government documents, chiefly from the Bureau of Ethnology reports, and is put together with the skill of the practiced documentarian. Thus it manages to make available much that the average reader would have neither the patience nor the skill to find for himself.

This does not imply that Mrs. Coolidge has not been over the ground to which the documents relate, and definitely tied them to visual images and first hand experiences. But wherever it is necessary to go beyond her experience, she is ready in her use of all authentic resources in their native clarity. Her chapters on ceremonial songs and the sacred games and dances are, for this reason, particularly to be commended. I do not at the moment recall any book which gives so comprehensive a survey of the origins of our southwestern peoples in the light of the most recent information about them.

As was probably unavoidable, with this dependence upon collected material, there is much more, and much more pertinent, information about the Pueblos than about the Navajos, the Apaches, the Pimas and Papagoes, and other local groups. One feels that a little wider range of research would have remedied this shortage. There are many more early documents dealing with the Gila River tribes than are mentioned in the otherwise excellent bibliography which is appended. In any case, however, Mrs. Coolidge has produced a useful, one might say an indispensable, book on the Southwest.



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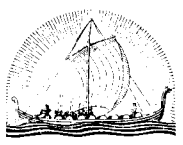

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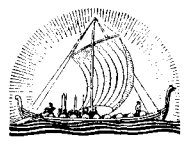

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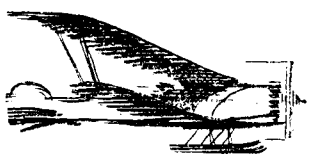

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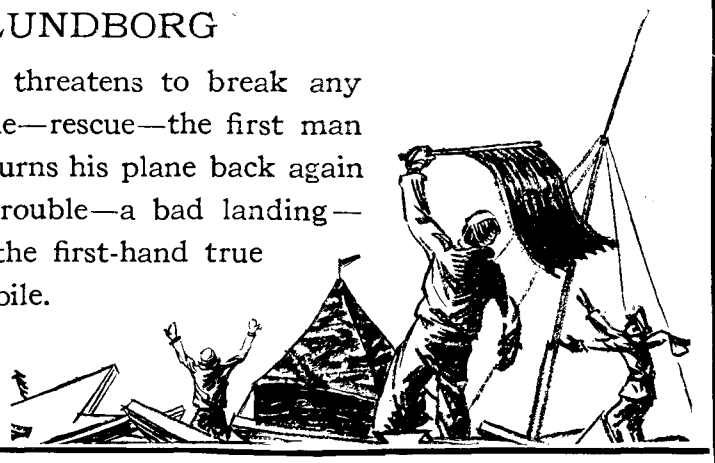

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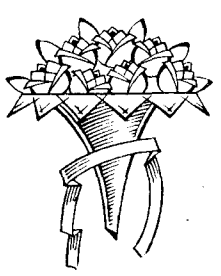

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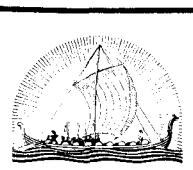

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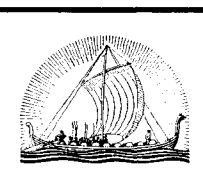

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Books of Special Interest

On and By Richardson

SAMUEL RICHARDSON. By BRIAN W. DOWNS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $2.

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON IMPORTANT OCCASIONS. By SAMUEL RICHARDSON. With an Introduction by BRIAN W. DOWNS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by KATHERINE HORNBECK

MR. DOWNS'S two substantial volumes should satisfy even the Gargantuan vanity of Samuel Richardson,—a vanity so voracious that Dr. Johnson remarked, "That fellow Richardson . . . could not be contented to sail quietly down the stream of reputation without longing to taste the froth from every stroke of the oar." If, however, the plump little printer could read Mr. Downs's critical study, he would probably be seized with the "tremors and startings" to which he was subject in the flesh, for his most recent interpreter is utterly intolerant of Richardson's "ethico-artistic formula" and his ponderous technique with its "rocking-horse progress."

It is high time for Richardson to be considered afresh. Mr. Downs's biography is the first full length study of the novelist to appear since Austin Dobson's volume in the English Men of Letters Series (1902). In the light of the research of the last quarter of a century (indicated by Mr. Downs's admirable selective bibliography) and of his own investigation, the critic is able to go beyond his predecessors in at least two points. His orientation of Richardson as an integral part of his age is more satisfying than any earlier attempt in the same direction. Richardson is revealed as the apostle of the Puritan middle class, of the bourgeoisie, the "laureate of the Christian family," who "erected almost unaided, the domestic novel." The concluding chapter on "The Consequences of Richardson," in which Richardson's fertilizing impact on poetry, drama, and the novel is tracked from "the Tagus to the Neva, from Naples to Oslo"—through England, Germany, France, Hungary, Russia, and Poland, is by far the most thoroughgoing study of Richardson's cosmopolitan influence that has appeared.

Sixty pages of the present volume deal with Richardson's art. This great length is due to copious quotation from "Pamela," "Clarissa," and "Sir Charles Grandison," necessary for the tabloid twentieth century, which has only the vaguest acquaintance with eight-volume novels. The significant features of Richardson's art the critic finds to be his pathos, realism, sentimentalism, and, above all, psychological insight.

Although Mr. Downs is more successful in evaluating Richardson's relation to his age and his consequences than the earlier biographers, he is less happy than they in evoking Richardson's personality and in realizing him and his friends in the round. Perhaps he fails here because of his supercilious contempt for Richardson and his ideals. In his impatience with the novelist's shoddy-muddled ethics and hypertrophied sentimentalism, he is witheringly cynical. (In his turn, Richardson, the master printer, might make caustic comments on the careless proof-reading of the twentieth century.) On the whole, Mr. Downs's book supplements but does not supersede Austin Dobson's sympathetic but keenly critical work.

The reprint of Richardson's "Familiar Letters on Important Occasions" (1741) should be hailed with delight, for it makes easily accessible a charming book hitherto so rare as to be little more than a name. These letters have nothing to do with Richardson's personal correspondence. On the contrary, the book is a "Polite Letter-Writer," "directing the requisite style and forms to be observed in writing familiar letters." "Every schoolboy knows" the story of the inception of this immortal piece of hackwork. Richardson had long enjoyed a local reputation as "secretary-general to all the love-sick girls in the neighborhood"—to borrow Austin Dobson's happy phrase—when a publisher approached him and, as Richardson recounts it: "entreated me to write for them a little volume of letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves." The resultant book, a humble little duodecimo, has long enjoyed secondary fame as the obscure parent of a famous offspring, for in it (rather than in Marivaux's "Marianne") is the germ of "Pamela." In Letters CXXXVIII and CXXXIX, "A Father to a Daughter in Service, on hearing of her Master's Attempting her Virtue" and "The Daughter's Answer," Pamela, Father Andrews, and Mr. B—— begin to take shape. In writing these model letters then, Richardson, a printer past fifty, discovered his *métier* and was stimulated to create the English psychological novel in epistolary form.

"Familiar Letters," however, is of intrinsic value entirely apart from "Pamela," For one thing, no one can spend even an hour with these letters without knowing Richardson more intimately. His ethical and didactic bias, in its most virulent form, appears in the very titles of the letters: "To a Young Man too soon keeping a Horse," "A Father to a Son, to dissuade him from the Vice of drinking to Excess," "Against a young Lady's affecting manly Airs; and also censuring modern Riding-habits." Not all the letters, however, are in the chiding strain of the officious moralist. Richardson's absorbing interest in affairs of the heart accounts for the fact that twenty per cent of the letters deal with courtship. More tepid love letters were never penned, for Richardson explains in his preface that he intended them to be "such as a prudent woman need not blush to receive, nor a discreet man be ashamed to look back upon."

"Familiar Letters" also furnishes us with the material for a genetic study of the novelist's art. His leisurely, epistolary manner is already established. Throughout the volume potential Lovelaces and Mr. B——s loom up in sinister fashion; Clarissa's situation is foreshadowed, and there is a promise of the sprightliness of Miss Howe. Even in these model letters Richardson contrives to make the situations seem genuine. The reader finds himself really concerned with flesh-and-blood persons of three dimensions.

Had there been no "Familiar Letters," there would probably have been no novelist, Samuel Richardson,—only a successful printer. But "Familiar Letters" merits more than reflected glory from the novels. It is a masterpiece in its own right, this classic of the inarticulate. No doubt this pedestrian little volume, which made the dumb to speak, actually shaped the destinies of more people than the novels themselves.

Mr. Downs has ushered in the letters with a sympathetic and penetrating essay. Although it does not pretend to pronounce the final word for the scholar, it gives a tantalizing glimpse of the genus "Complete Letter-Writer" from classical times to 1741.

It would probably be too optimistic to predict a stampede to Richardson as a result of Mr. Downs's books, but surely they will stimulate renewed interest in the father of the "stream-of-conciousness" novel. At least, it is unthinkable that any one should ever again consider Richardson or his novels without an acquaintance with the naïvely delightful "Familiar Letters."

A Medieval Code

CHIVALRY. Edited by EDGAR PRESTAGE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $6.

THIS interesting and informing volume will be welcomed alike by students of history and literature. Its nine chapters, by as many different authors, treat of chivalry in relation to the general history of civilization and as an element in the literature and culture of the several countries of Europe. England naturally occupies most space, but it is seen that English chivalry is an importation and that its chief interest for the modern world lies in connection with the idea of a gentleman and the public school code of honor. The authors recognize also that chivalry has many meanings, so that it was a matter of moment in Tudor times, not only that Jesus was descended from Abraham, but that both were "of the offispring of the gentleman Japheth," and that "Christ was a gentleman of his mother's behalf and bore cote-armure of aunseturis," while the apostles, though of gentlemen come, "fell to labors and were called no gentlemen."

In general, the historical chapters are more realistic, the literary more romantic, but the general impression is rather rose-colored. Little is said of the mercenary side of tournaments, nothing of an episode like the blinding of captive knights by Richard Lion-Heart and Philip Augustus in order to satisfy the royal sense of honor. The illustrations, almost all from illuminated manuscripts, might well have been supplemented by some pictures of surviving castles of the military-religious orders, such as Syrian Krak or Portuguese Thomar.

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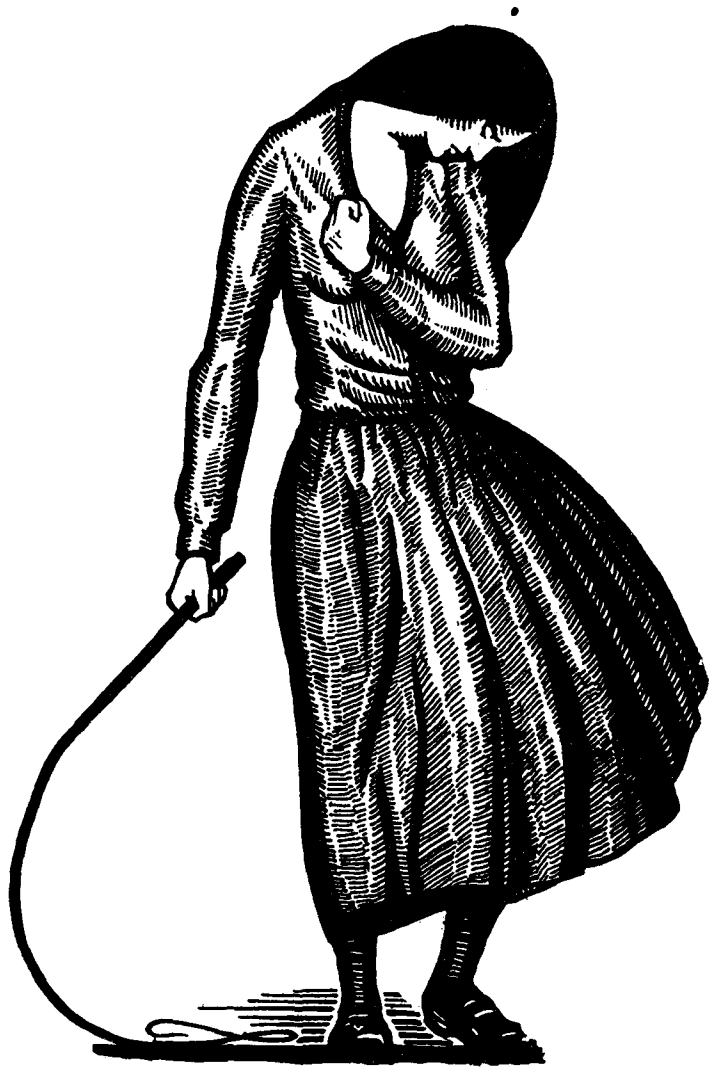

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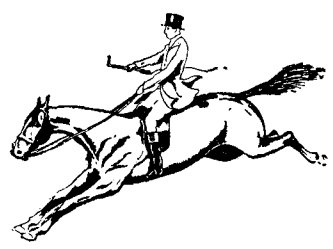

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Books of Special Interest

Innocence and Experience

BLAKE'S INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE. A Study of the Songs and Manuscripts. By JOSEPH H. WICKSTEED. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by S. FOSTER DAMON
Brown University

IN 1910, Mr. Wicksteed reproduced Blake's Job engravings with an explanation which demonstrated that these engravings were not a mere collection of odd designs, but a *Mutus Liber*, which analyzed a special problem (the problem of evil) in a definite series of symbols. As the "Job" was the fruit of Blake's latest years, when his symbolic system was complete, those students who tried to apply Mr. Wicksteed's discoveries to the "Prophetic Books" found that they worked equally well there; consequently, Mr. Wicksteed's book marked a date in the interpretation of Blake. Slowly the "Prophetic Books" were cleared up, for system and symbol usually work together; and when Mr. Max Plowman published the intellectual structure of "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" (once called a "scrapbook"), it was generally accepted that Blake did nothing haphazard. One important book remained, however,—Blake's best known work, the "Songs of Innocence and Experience," which, as a collection of lyrics, was supposed to be untainted with ulterior meaning.

Now Mr. Wicksteed reproduces the "Songs" complete (four of the plates are colored) with an accompanying explanation which henceforth every student of Blake must consider very seriously, though it may irritate those who prefer their poetry unmixed with thought. But Blake could not—and would not—exclude ideas from his verse; and the "Songs" turn out to be a series of lyrics grouped about the first problem that troubles man: his unhappiness, as contrasted with the happiness of animals, or (in theological terms), his "fall."

Children, of course, live in the heaven of happiness; so Blake set himself to study the loss of that happiness—that "innocence" (to use another theological term). Obviously, as one cannot blame the outer world, which continues as it always has, one must seek the cause in the mind. Therefore, Blake described Innoncence and Experience on his title-page as "the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul."

Where is the turning-point? Most people suppose that Innocence ends abruptly with the first consummation of love, but Blake disagreed. Milton had married Adam and Eve in Paradise; Blake followed his master by also including the first years of marriage in Innocence.* Not until the first serious disillusion does Experience begin; until then, people are still children (blessed children, of course, but still children) in spiritual development. Mr. Wicksteed's basic discovery is nothing less than this extension of date; for those light lyrics supposedly sung only by children are sometimes the songs of first love, of marriage, of motherhood.

The "Songs of Innocence and Experience" is not, however, systematic as "Jerusalem" is. It is symbolism still in the stage of metaphor, though slowly deepening towards the end of the book. But the systematizing instinct is already at work. The opening poem (usually called "The Piper") tells of a song repeated thrice: first causing laughter, then tears, and finally tears of joy. Pure laughter is Innocence; tears are Experience; the third stage is Wisdom. In the two parts of his book, Blake furnishes the reader with two versions of most of the Songs, one of laughter, one of tears, and leaves the synthesis—the third stage, Wisdom—to the reader. There are two "Nurse's Songs," two "Chimney-Sweeps," two "Holy Thursdays"; there is "Infant Joy" placed against "Infant Sorrow"; there is the "Lamb" and the "Tyger." This balance of poem against poem is not complete and mechanical, and beyond this there is no elaborate system, except in so far as the lyrics may form a sequence.

Mr. Wicksteed's interpretation sheds light on all the more puzzling poems and sometimes gives a new twist to those which we thought we understood already. "The Little Girl Lost and Found" is (as the decoration proves) a poem of the awakening of love in a young girl. "Infant Joy" is really the joy of the mother-to-be over her newly conceived child; the red flower in the design represents the womb. "The Blossom" is a sympolic celebration of married love; and its decoration—of this Mr. Wicksteed convinces me—is a portrait of the life-force, or the "libido," as its latest and ugliest name is. This beautiful and curious shape is best described as a vegetable flame (i. e., the fire of this "vegetable life," as Blake elsewhere named it) full of winged children. The design for "The Divine Image" also uses this curious flame; but here, at the root, Jesus is upraising a man and a woman: an idea expressed again in the second stanza of "To Tirzah."

Blake wrote these poems from 1787 to 1794, when he was in his thirties. He had been married five years or so; Mr. Wicksteed believes that he "lived in childlike innocence before marriage, and in childlike ecstasy for the first years after. . . . Sooner or later, there was bound to come some episode which waked him, not in mind only, but in imagination, to the fact that marriage was a convention"; and the "Songs of Experience," Mr. Wicksteed continues, records that bitter awakening and fierce struggle. Referring to the original manuscript, Mr. Wicksteed now performs the always interesting and always dangerous experiment of studying a book as though it were autobiography; and he sketches in, reasonably enough, a general outline of the inevitable awakening. But though these conjectures have their place in Blake's biography, they really add nothing to the interpretation of the poems themselves; for all genuine poems reflect the emotions, not of one individual, but of all humanity; and Blake had achieved that sublimation.

There is much more in the book than these few points which we have discussed; it is rich with sympathetic suggestion on every page. Details we may quarrel with (I myself disagree with the "Query" about the "Book of Thel"), yet nothing is to be passed over hastily. Those, however, who have not as yet made a special study of Blake will find this a good introduction to his thought; and even if one does not wish to be a student, one will find fascinating the complete reproduction of one of the most beautiful books ever made.

* Mr. Wicksteed did not observe this parallel, which confirms his theory. We might add that Dryden's opera based on "Paradise Lost" and St. Maur's popular prose version of the epic were both entitled "The State of Innocence."

"The Way Things Are"

FIRST LOVE. By E. M. DELAFIELD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALICE FALES

UNDER the title, "First Love," E. M. Delafield has brought forth another novel which will no doubt receive cordial welcome from those who admired "The Way Things Are," "Jill," and other books from the same pen.

The novel which preceded it had a title decidedly characteristic of Miss Delafield's work; she has both desire, it seems, and the ability to show "the way things are." It would be hard to find a more accurate portrayal of an idealistic young girl in love for the first time, and with a man who has been in love before and will be in love many times again. Equally accurate are her descriptions of the other characters, especially of the philandering man and the liberated young woman whom he eventually marries. Though the idealistic Ellie must be considered the heroine since it was her "first love," one may suspect Miss Delafield of admiring the liberated Vic more,—Vic who could dance, and flirt, and play the perfect hostess, who admired and appreciated Ellie's fineness, but who took life easily rather than seriously, frankly rather than with illusions, however ideal those illusions might be.

There is nothing malicious about the realistic accuracy Miss Delafield has mastered so well, and it is, in "First Love," quite as diverting as a highly colored adventure story might be. Whether there is any depth of significance or any permanent literary value involved is another matter and one about which the reader is not likely to be disturbed, for accurate observation in itself has a certain satisfaction, being refreshingly unsentimental and, in this case, undoubtedly sincere.

Considerable excitement has been aroused in German literary circles, according to reports, by Anna Segher's "Aufstand der Fischer von St. Barbara" (Berlin: Kiepenheuer). Awarded the Kleist prize, an honor never before accorded a woman, it is a powerful story, simply written, but full of pathos. It is a sea tale, playing on a North Sea island.

Civil Engineering

WHAT ENGINEERS DO. By WALTER D. BINGER. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1928. $2.75.

Reviewed by H. L. SEWARD

THIS well written book should really be called "What Civil Engineers do" because as the author states in his introduction:

> This is the story of Civil Engineering and of Construction, of men, ideas, and materials. It is an outline of what has been accomplished in this great field and a description of some of the methods and means by which the ends were attained. The name Civil originally distinguished it from Military Engineering which is the art and science of building fortifications and other military works. Today the name is used to designate that entire branch of engineering which has to do with structures as distinguished from mining and the other much younger branches of mechanical, electrical, and chemical engineering. All railroads, highways, bridges, the structures of buildings, dams, tunnels under land and water, and similar works, besides surveying and mapping, constitute the field of civil engineering, while sanitary engineering is a great related branch.

Whether the book is intended solely for the young lad in his teens with his bright interest in construction work, or for his uncle, who is a little afraid to read anything about engineering for fear of getting into technical matters beyond his grasp, is not clear, because the author handles the various subjects with the use of the simplest and clearest terminology, never failing to give good definitions and excellent illustrations as needed. Yet the definitions will not insult the intelligence of the informed reader because they have been expressed in words and illustrated by facts which he has not ordinarily used. His only complaint could be that some of the definitions in this style cannot be all-comprehensive.

The sketches used in this book are worthy of special comment because of their clearness, accuracy, and simplicity. The references to civil engineering in ancient history are of great interest and make one wonder how many civil engineers today are sufficiently well informed to appreciate how the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians used civil engineering principles. Descriptions and illustrations of the Groma which was the Roman surveyor's standby; the Chorobates, a Roman level favored by Vitruvius; the Dioptra, an all-around Greek surveying instrument, as well as references to Roman roads and water supply, are illustrations in point. In a very practical manner the description of modern construction, foundations, tunnels, bridges, highways, railroads, flood control, surveying, topographic maps, aerial photography and structural design is brought into relation with historical facts and modern methods.

In the concluding chapter, "The Men Who Do the Work," there is some good advice for young men thinking of taking up such work as has been described. A proper note is struck on the subject of safety and accidents. The book does not describe what engineers do so much as it describes the problems they are dealing with, and how they are overcoming the obstacles presented in these problems.

> It would be a bold man indeed who dared to predict what changes the future will bring to the work that has been described; what new materials for construction, and methods for design, will be used a hundred years hence. That the changes will be just as revolutionary as they have been in the past, there is no reason to doubt. One thing is certain. They will be brought about only by men who have the will and the ability to deal in fundamentals. The man who by character, talent, and training makes a first-rate engineer in one era would do so in any. Just as military strategy is independent of particular weapons, so engineering is independent of particular materials. Those who enjoy physical accomplishment, who derive pleasure from close application to one piece of work, and, after it has been done well, look forward to commencing another quite different, will always find a reward in civil engineering and construction.

After reading this concluding paragraph it is a little disturbing to find three pages of kindergarten material from which a paper transit can be cut out and folded,—but with such inadequate and disappointing results!

Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Möllendorf's "Erinnerungen: 1848-1914" (Leipzig: Köhler), which has recently issued from the press, presents the reminiscences of an octogenarian scholar whose philological studies were supplemented by a wide and rich understanding of a broad range of literature. In the course of its narrative it contains brilliant studies of various seats of learning in Germany as well as comment on men and things.

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A Great HARPER Spring List

THE HOUSE OF HARPER
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ADDED to the many successes published by Harper & Brothers in the last few months are these distinctive new titles. The overwhelming acclaim that has already greeted PEDER VICTORIOUS *by O. E. Rolvaag*, HOWS AND WHYS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR *by Dr. George A. Dorsey*, and FIRST LOVE *by E. M. Delafield*, to mention only three, is merely an indication of Quality in the new Harper List.

CAGLIOSTRO

by Johannes von Guenther

By means of hypnotism, alchemy and hocus-pocus he dazzled European courts and confounded capitals. Catherine the Great, Cardinal Rohan and the all-powerful Freemasons were numbered among his victims before he became involved with Marie de la Motte Valois in the Diamond necklace swindle and was toppled from his rascally eminence. A Harper Romantic Biography, beautifully bound and illustrated by Paul C. Wenck. $3.50

THE GOLDEN FLEECE

by John Gunther

Author of "The Red Pavilion."

"The story plays a new variation on the theme of feminine emancipation, and does it forcefully and convincingly. Joan Tilford is quintessential honesty, her strength of decision, and her fairness to others as well as to herself in matters of morals, clear the air of cant and establish the inviolability of her personality."—*E. M. Benson in The Outlook.* "It will bear comparison with the best known fiction in both England and America."—*Henry Justin Smith, Chicago Daily News.* $2.50

WORLDS WITHIN WORLDS

by Stella Benson

"The author is often charming, sometimes gently ironic, sometimes provocative, and much more consistently diverting than any reader has a right to expect."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune* $3.00

HOBBY HOUSE

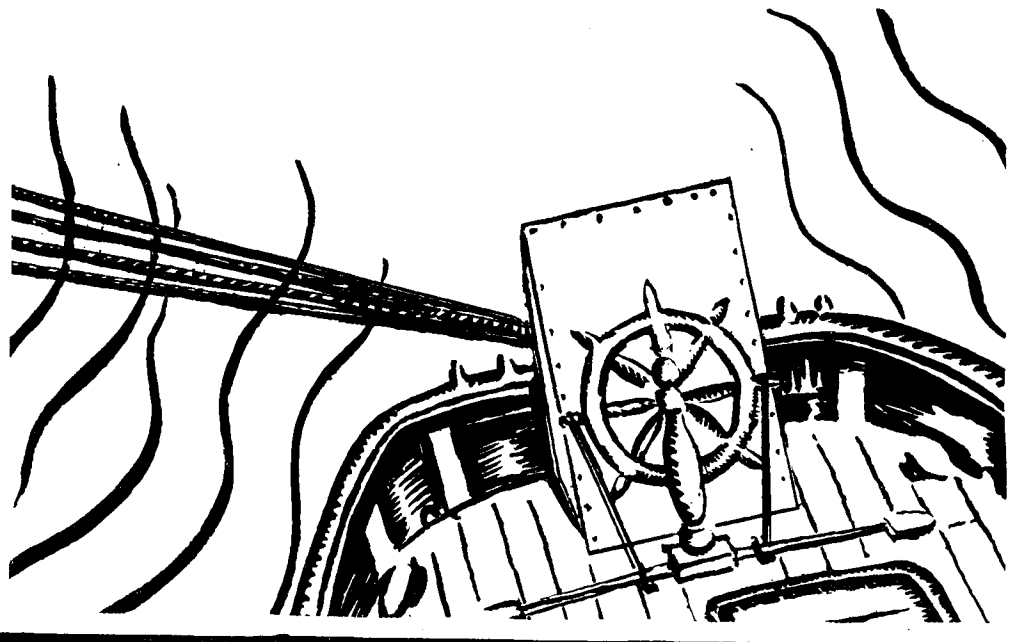
by Russell Neale

Shanty boat life on the Ohio River. "This is a novel of unusual merit and distinction, revealing a matured, robust, and individual talent. Irony . . . grim brutality . . . pungent, racy . . . humor."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune* $2.50

THE INNOCENT VOYAGE

RICHARD HUGHES

IF you are in search of a new experience, of an adventure that will grip you like a strange dream, so impelling and so fantastic that you fear lest you awaken from it—if you like the unusual, the daring, the original—if the tale of children on board a pirate ship, unconscious of the horrors of murder, of passion and of brutality, would interest you—if the psychological problems of a child's memory would intrigue you—if the irony of the pirate's execution for a crime irresponsibly committed by a little girl would stir you—if the humor of children's delight in sliding down a deck in their panties would entertain you—then read this first novel by Richard Hughes, praised abroad by George Bernard Shaw, Rebecca West and Frank Swinnerton; and already acclaimed here as "Superb—with a terrible sting." —*Burton Rascoe.* "Extraordinary."—*Isabel Paterson.* "Strange and memorable."—*Walter Yust.* "With moments of intense beauty."—*Nancy Hoyt.* $2.50



EARTHBOUND and Other Poems

by Helene Mullins

"Her work is distinguished by a range of human interest and understanding very exceptional in the lyric poetry of our day."
—*John Hall Wheelock.* "This work is really distinguished."
—*Edwin Arlington Robinson* $2.00

THE HEART'S JOURNEY

by Siegfried Sassoon

"It is of the conflict between the security in which the spirit is at home and the forces inviting it to self-destruction that the poet makes his finest songs. There is reason to rejoice in his mastery."
—*Babette Deutsch,* in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* $2.00

THE GREAT ENLIGHTENMENT

by Lee Wilson Dodd

"One of the wisest, wittiest, most civilized productions of any American author."
— *Dorothy Canfield*

"This important, beautiful and sparkling book contains a brilliant intellectual revue of contemporary thoughts and manners; there is in it vigorous and teeming satire that sends one about hunting for people worthy to read it aloud to."
—*Christopher Morley* $2.00

CRISIS

by Claude Houghton

John Raymond, happy in his home and successful in his career, consults a specialist and learns that he has at the most nine months to live. The changes wrought in his life and his attitude toward the world make this a novel of absorbing interest. $2.50

ALL IN A DAY

by Martin Armstrong

"An effective novel—concrete and individual. An especially interesting story, since it shows one variety of marriage in the modern manner which is as common as it is disastrous."
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OUR GUARANTEE

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THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF MARY YOUNG

By Milton Propper

Selected by the Detective Story Club as their first choice for April, this mystery which opens with the murder of a young girl on a scenic railway bears a double guarantee. "It is possible of a dozen solutions," said *Bob Davis,* "whosoever fathoms this enigma is a bloodhound indeed." "It contains the biggest surprise I have had since Christmas."—*Carolyn Wells*
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ONE BY ONE THEY DISAPPEARED

By Moray Dalton

The gruesome murders of the survivors of a wreck at sea. "You will probably suspect everybody but Jehoshaphat the cat, but Moray Dalton will fool you in the end. Better sample this rather baffling item."—*Will Cuppy, N. Y. Herald Tribune.* *Sealed* $2.00

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Foreign Literature

Humanity

LE MOUVEMENT HUMANISTE AUX ÉTATS-UNIS. By Louis J.-A. Mercier. Paris: Librairie Hachette. 1928.

Reviewed by Norman Foerster

THE publishers of this book declare that France cannot afford to ignore the recent movement of American thought which has come to be known as "humanism." The author, M. Mercier, a native Frenchman and professor of French at Harvard, is peculiarly fitted for the ambassadorial task of presenting this thought to his countrymen. The names of Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More, and W. C. Brownell (the three writers selected for full discussion) are not, to be sure, unfamiliar in France, especially that of Mr. Babbitt, who gave a course of lectures at the Sorbonne in 1923 and has since been elected corresponding member of *l'Institut de France*. But this is the first book published in Paris giving a detailed exposition of humanism.

The elements of this school of American thought are not, of course, novel, nor can they appear so, above all, in France. As Herbert Read remarks in his article on Humanism in a recent *Criterion*, men like M. Benda, M. Lasserre, and M. Seillière (and Mr. T. S. Eliot elsewhere names another group) have much in common with the American humanists; and in the past it is assuredly the French who have illustrated humanistic principles most clearly among all the modern nations. It is not merely a happy accident that enables M. Mercier to open his discourse with an account of Brownell's "French Traits" and "French Art," just as it was not gratuitous for Brownell to close the former book with the assertion that "it would be difficult to conceive too gravely the utility of observing attentively the work in the modern world of the only other great nation that follows the democratic standard, and is perennially prepared to make sacrifices for ideas." And M. Mercier is in a position to close *his* book with an appeal to France to be mindful of her essentially humanistic tradition—let him speak in his own lucid language:

Nous sommes en vérité, d'une facon particulière, les dépositaires de toutes les traditions civilisatrices de la Méditerraneé. Nous nous en sommes nourris. Elles sont devenues la chair de notre chair, les os de nos os. Ou, mieux que chez nous, les peuples nouveaux pourront-ils prendre contact avec l'héritage péniblement accumulé de la race humaine? Chez quel peuple, après tout, malgré nos périodes de fléchissement pendant lesquelles d'ailleurs nous étions le moins nous-mêmes, peut-on trouver une telle tendance vers cette médiation entre les extrêmes, cette recherche du juste milieu, du bon gout, de la fusion du naturalisme et des valeurs spirituelles, qui est le programme de l'Humanisme tel qu'il ressort des enquêtes si profondes résumées dans ce livre? S'il s'agit de réorganiser les bases de la pensée européenne, de l'orienter vers la coopération internationale qu'appelle le bons sens mais qui ne peut être assurée que par l'effort de volontés travaillant à réprimer, selon les traditions de l'Humanisme et du Christianisme, les appétits violents, les instincts de domination, toutes les passions dont les excès appellent toujours le châtiment, quel pays est le mieux placé pour donner au monde le spectacle d'une aspiration vers la beauté par le souci constant de faire fructifier tout l'héritage du passé, vers la vérité, par la confrontation hardie de toutes les doctrines, vers la justice et la paix par le culte de la modération, que ce pays qu'on appelait déja la douce France au début de l'histoire moderne et vers laquelle les regards du monde se sont si souvent tournés?

It may be so. France, more than any other country, has historically been the clearing-house of ideas, the guardian of the finest values in tradition, the intellectual center as well as geographic center of the Occident; and it may turn out to be France that will lead us away from the chaos and decadence into which we have fallen. This is the hope of M. Mercier, which supplies the motive of his book: for American humanism, as he conceives, offers a set of ideas which France could use for the furtherance of genuine civilization.

* *

For American readers his book should have a function scarcely less important. The works of Irving Babbitt are difficult and, to many readers, unattractive. Those of Paul Elmer More are very numerous, and contain changes in point of view that puzzle the average inattentive reader. The consequence is that perhaps no modern critics have been so frequently and fundamentally misrepresented, and that the debate between the humanists and the "naturists" has in the main been conducted in a childish disregard of the real issues, on the part of the naturists. The history of ideas shows that this often happens in the early stages of conflict. The conflict in question, however, is gradually rising to a higher stage, in which the true opposition will be patent. Whoever wishes to see the situation for what it really is will be well advised to read this brief, simple, clear, objective exposition by Professor Mercier. It has the practical values of a textbook as well as the charm and fine discrimination of a French literary work. It ought to be republished soon, in this country, in translation.

A Siberian Nightmare

NUITS DE SIBERIE. By Jean Kessel. Paris: Ernest Flammarion. 1929.

Reviewed by Amelia von Ende

TRUTH is not only stranger than fiction, but often more brutal, cruel, and horrible than the most hair-raising tale of piracy, rape, and murder that a dime will buy for the reader who enjoys a shudder. Jean Kessel's book sounds an authentic note; it is based upon common occurrences during that period of chaos and reign of terror into which Russia was plunged in 1919. The panorama which he presents of "the end of the war, the end of a social order, the moulting of a people, of a hundred peoples," is unforgettable.

The scene is Vladivostok, the port where the "war-maddened nations" had unloaded their soldiers:

Tight-lipped Canadians, dollar-burdened Americans, Englishmen who had come to hunt the red wolf; grave and hardened Czechs, showing the hardships of the road which their grenades had cleared from the Volga to the ocean; Russians shedding the last rags of their uniforms; and Japs, secretive masters of the town. And Austrian, German, Turkish, Hungarian, Roumanian, Bulgarian, Polish, and Lettish prisoners. And Annamite laborers; and Hindu cavaliers..

Thus the French aviator who relates the story to a friend as they sit over a drink at a little "bar" in Paris, views in retrospect the motley company into which the hazards of war-service had thrown him.

We knew nothing of Russia; no doubt we know no more to-day. But Paris-Moscow then had some difficulties, which have since disappeared. In the vast empire in convulsions narrow windows opened in places thousands of miles from one another: Archangel on the White, Odessa on the Black Sea, and Vladivostok on the Pacific. What would I see through this Siberian embrasure in the false light of mysteries and revolutions?

* *

What he saw was a series of pictures beside which the most gruesome canvasses of "Höllenbreughel" and Wiertz seem pale and tame. The waiting-room of the railroad station with its crowd of deserters, paupers, and refugees huddled on the floor; the old railroad cars used as warm shelters for the neediest and the sick, with bare boards as beds; pedestrians stumbling in the dark over dying and dead; Cossacks cutting with their "nagaika" deep gashes into the flesh of writhing victims; and in contrast the Transsiberian train, its two locomotives placidly puffing away as if ready for any emergency, every car an arsenal on wheels, heavily armed guards at each entrance; and in the center of the train the headquarters of the officers, furnished with indescribable luxury, priceless rugs on the floor, pieces of rare, rich brocades and gold tissues covering the windows—loot from monasteries, museums, and old mansions amassed and displayed without any attempt at design, yet suggesting "an amazing style, the style of impudent, triumphant victory."

With every change of scene a change of atmosphere: reeking with filth, or heavy with the smoke of cigarettes and the fumes of vodka—and against this background the figures of Grischa, the cossack of the Semenoff army, stationed at Tchita, Orline, the fugitive convict, singing his songs of the bagno, Tartzoff, the man of many professions and as many physiognomies, and the women, Verova, the singer, Natalia, the dancer, and Aglae, the girl of the barricades: lives side-tracked, blasted, wasted. Yet, horrible as are some of the episodes of that night, notably the bestial cruelty with which the monster Grischa avenges the death of two Semenovtz comrades—the art of the narrator holds the reader spellbound until one reaches the last page and awakens as from an infernal nightmare. Who knows, but such books may convey more truth than the reports of "students of conditions in Russia"—then as now.

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by W. E. Garrison

stood the test of selection by the Religious Book Club—and has been generally pronounced a brilliantly written, enlightening, well-balanced survey of Roman Catholicism in church and state. ($2.50)

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TINKER AND THINKER: JOHN BUNYAN

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This book makes John Bunyan walk and talk in our own day. A simple but vigorous treatment of Bunyan and his times. ($1.50)

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

FRENCH NOVELISTS. By *Frederick C. Green.* Appleton.

THE MAKING OF LITERATURE. By *R. A. Scott-James.* Holt. $3.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By *Ford Madox Ford.* Lippincott. $1.

AMERICAN ESTIMATES. By *Henry Seidel Canby.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.

ON THE WINGS OF A BIRD. By *Herbert Rawenel Sass.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

THE AIMS OF EDUCATION AND OTHER ESSAYS. By *A. N. Whitehead.* Macmillan.

POT SHOTS FROM PEGASUS. By *Keith Preston.* Covici-Friede. $2.50.

BIRDS AND MAN. By *W. H. Hudson.* Knopf. $2.

THE HEARTH OF HAPPINESS. By *Anne Shannon Monroe.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE AND THE JEW. By *Joshua Kunitz.* Columbia University Press.

THE MIGHTY MEDICINE. By *Franklin Henry Giddings.* Macmillan. $2.50.

Biography

PICK UP THE PIECES. By *North* 3-1. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

LEADERS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By *J. M. Thompson.* Appleton.

MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON I. Compiled from his own writings. Duffield. $5.

THE GRANDE TURKE. By *Fairfax Downey.* Minton, Balch. $4.

DR. JOHNSON. By *Christopher Hollis.* Holt. $3.

FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS. By *A. J. Villiers.* Holt. $3.50.

AND THEN CAME FORD. By *Charles Merz.* Doubleday, Doran. $3 net.

PEOPLE. By *Edgar Wallace.* Crime Club. $2 net.

A LOST COMMANDER: FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. By *Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.* Doubleday, Doran. $3 net.

CATHERINE THE GREAT. By *Katherine Anthony.* Knopf. $2.50.

VERSAILLES TO RAPALLO. By *Viscount d'Abernon.* Doubleday, Doran. $5 net.

JOHN MITCHELL. By *Elsie Glück.* Day. $3 net.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR. By *Arthur D. Howden Smith.* Lippincott. $3.50.

THE BRIDGE OF LIFE. By *C. Harold Smith.* Appleton. $2.50.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DU BARRI. Stokes.

THE LETTERS OF THE TSAR TO THE TSARITZA. Translated by *A. L. Hynes.* Edited by *C. E. Oulliamy.* Dodd, Mead. $5.

ROBERT A. WOODS. By *Eleanor H. Woods.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

Drama

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN. Vol. IX. Historic and Legendary Dramas. Viking. $2.50.

TOAD OF TOAD HALL. By *A. A. Milne.* Scribners. $1.25.

Education

A SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE. Edited by *George Stuart Gordon* and *C. T. Onions.* Oxford University Press. $1.40.

ARIEL. By *José Enrique Rodó.* Edited by *William F. Rice.* University of Chicago Press. $1.35.

ENGLISH FOR DAILY USE. By *Edna L. Sterling* and *Miriam E. Cole.* Holt.

TESTS FOR STUDIES IN GRAMMAR. By *Mabel C. Hermans.* Holt.

ORAL ENGLISH AND DEBATE. By *Lyman M. Fort.* Holt.

EARLY POEMS OF JOHN MILTON. Selected and edited by *Merry A. Brann.* Holt.

Fiction

THUMBCAP WEIR. By FRANCES GILLMOR. Minton, Balch. 1929. $2.50.

This is a first novel with a new setting, the isolated fishing communities along the shores of the Bay of Fundy. It is an attractive picture that Miss Gillmor presents, of the transplanted Scots leading their own Scottish lives in a hard, good land. Not to be called peasants, they yet possess none of the complexities of civilization. The author has undeniably caught much of the beauty of her region, of sea and pines and sunny blueberry meadows; unfortunately, her sense of plot and character is not developed equally with her feeling for background. The hero, heroine, and villain, and the plot itself, are quite conventional. We may hope for a second book in which the climax will be more deserving of the brooding atmosphere.

AZURE CITIES. Stories of New Russia. Edited by JOSHUA KUNITZ. Translated by J. J. ROBBINS. International Publishers. 1929. $2.50.

This is a most admirable book for those interested in Russian literature. It contains thirteen stories of the past ten years, with an introductory essay upon modern tendencies in Russian thought and literature, and a biographical and critical note upon each author. The stories present an interesting range of tone. The title story is one of disillusion, of the bitterness of a young dreamer who expected to see azure cities, inhabited by men like gods and served by unwearying machines, rise overnight from the ashes of imperial Moscow and Petrograd, and who is confronted with the painful fact that plebeian revolutionaries in power are no better than other people. But the other stories concerned with the new régime, "Three Looms" and "The Song of the Chains," express a strong confidence in the ultimate success of the people. On the whole, the tone of these stories is notably more vigorous and extroverted than that of Russian literature before the revolution.

FIRST LOVE. By CHARLES MORGAN. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

When Charles Morgan wrote his first novel, "My Name Is Legion," in 1925, the reviewers pointed out that this man would bear watching, and said the things that reviewers habitually say when a beam of light penetrates their gloom-infested souls.

Mr. Morgan's second novel does not in all respects live up to the promise of his first. Like the first, it deals largely with the struggles of the soul. This time it is a portrait of an artist as a young man. Nigel Frew, hardly more than a boy, and with more talent with the brush and palette than worldly goods, falls in love with Clare Sibright, a rather charming girl already engaged to a wealthy young gentleman whose chief interest is the cricket matches of the English county where the scene is laid. The painter falls in love with Clare and awakens a sleeping side of her nature. She becomes vaguely dissatisfied with the spiritual limitations of her fiancé, but marries him nevertheless, with the image of Nigel in her heart, her longing for him not being strong enough to make her strike out against the current in which she finds herself drifting. Because of his emotional experience, Nigel's artistic imagination soars to new heights, and his painting acquires deeper poignancy, but his love for Clare turns out to be a transient thing, a phase in his development. At the end the two agree that things have worked out for the best.

Mr. Morgan has a gift for writing beautifully, and a nice sense of the value of words that is all too rare, but his story suffers by being inconclusive. In the last analysis it signifies nothing, and the emphasis on the intellectual leaves it too lacking in sound and fury to be very gripping. A tale, even when it is not told by an idiot, should have either one or the other quality.

A GOOD MARRIAGE. By MARY BREARLEY. Century. 1928. $2.

All on a summer afternoon. "Mrs. Grandage moved a little lower on the wicker chair so that her head rested on the higher of the two cushions at her back." And, in that position, she reviews her marriage, and calls it good. It is Sunday, and her unpleasant husband and children have left the house. She lets her whole life slip through the hours like sand through a glass.

This good marriage has lasted down the years, and although the title is ironical, it is not wholly so, one feels. Mary Brearley does find something good in this relationship that has held the family together through rough waters. Yet in the end there is left merely an exceedingly unattractive group closed in upon the woman, who can only sit and dream.

Faith Grandage as a girl knew nothing of life. She was more or less manœuvered into marriage. Still looking through the eyes of her group, she found it sufficiently glamorous, but soon the man it was really possible for her to love entered her life. She sees her husband as he is, dull, crass, and boring. The husband indulges in an ugly affair with a putative widow near at hand. Faith keeps her affair on a spiritual level. Things drift on. Both these affairs end in accordance with their natures, one beautifully and poignantly, the other in a mess.

And now Faith Grandage sits and thinks

(*Continued on next page*)

MEDIAEVAL CULTURE

An Introduction to Dante and his times

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Regarded in both Germany and Italy as the classic work on *The Divine Comedy*,—it is in reality a complete synthesis of the ideas, literature and civilization of the Middle Ages, as these culminated in the poem. *"This work, rich in well-considered judgments, should show the way to a better method of criticism of Dante."*—BENEDETTO CROCE. 2 Vols. $8.00

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"A sound, meaty book."—*Boston Transcript.*

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HERMAN MELVILLE

by Lewis Mumford

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"The narrative is vivid, cogent and consistent . . . a 'true' and brilliant and eloquent biography."—RAYMOND WEAVER, *N. Y. Evening Post.*

"The best biography of Melville yet produced, a book that has few peers in American criticism. I cannot say too much in praise of its felicitous style. HERMAN MELVILLE *is* a book I shall long cherish."—*Boston Transcript.*

LEWIS MUMFORD
(Courtesy of N. Y. Eve. Post)

"Not only the best biography of the present year; it is one of the finest biographies we have on any American man of letters, a brilliant and convincing portrait of a great soul."—HENRY HAZLITT, *N. Y. Sun.*

"Mr. Mumford immediately takes his place among the most exact and courageous of critical navigators, for he has written the best book on Melville that we have . . . beautifully written and arranged, his sensitivity is revealed on every page. It is the best of Mr. Mumford's books and he has written some very good books indeed."—HERBERT GORMAN, *N. Y. Times.*

A Literary Guild Selection, $3.50.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

life over. She has come out of it all, according to the jacket, "a wiser and lovelier woman." Whether or not the reader will concur in this conclusion, he will agree that Mary Brearley in a first novel has shown surprisingly mature workmanship in the handling of her story. In spite of an occasional wavering in the point of view, "A Good Marriage" gives a complete impression of its heroine's reaction to life. Her blind spots are left blind, and her vision is illumined as vision.

YOUTH RIDES OUT. By BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

Mrs. Seymour, who, in a sense, is of the right wing of D. H. Lawrence, has in this work prepared a prelude to her preceding novel, "Three Wives." In the present volume she dwells on the agonizing phases of the love-life of the two mismated generations that lay the psychic background for the characters of her earlier work.

The progenitor of her hero, a radical and idealistic architect, marries a beautiful and brainless daughter of the proverbial money-minded, upper middle-class English family. The product of this union, one Lindsay, inheriting the non-conforming idealism and intellectual honesty of his father, marries the dazzling and pampered daughter of a biscuit magnate and manifests the same quixotic weakness that characterized his father: "the complete inability to accept women as they are, as women, all down the ages, have had to accept men."

The boy passes through various stages of disillusionment. He goes to the war, returns, obviously a changed man, reads of the death of his Camilla, who was too much the thing of gilded beauty, too much the fragile toy to have become a housewife, and eventually finds solace in the understanding arms of Tony, his assistant, who, being herself married, realizes, too, that life is little more than sound and fury, and that the sun also rises.

Despite the banality of its thesis, the book contains a colorful drawing of this conflict of youth with the windmills of modern society, a drawing which confines itself to a sentimental *genre*, but which displays the rugged strength and dramatic accuracy which is born of sincere analysis and a well-disciplined selection of material.

THE REBEL GENERATION. By Jo VAN AMMERS-KULLER. Translated by M. W. HOPER. Dutton. 1928.

This first novel of Jo Van Ammers-Kuller to be translated into English is a solid foursquare sort of work. Books tracing families unto the third and fourth generations are of necessity bulky, and when the author is as interested in ideas as in the plot the pages are likely to mount up in number. "The Rebel Generation" tells the story of three generations of women in Holland and in each generation there is a rebel. It is the Dutch woman's demand for and achievement of freedom. It will have this special interest of background for American readers who otherwise might find the purposive attitude of this carefully written novel a little heavy for enjoyment.

MR. AMBERTHWAITE. By LOUIS MARLOW. Knopf. 1929.

This is a sophisticated novel, strangely enough, not only sophisticated itself, but an exposé of sophistication—all of which may provide a paradox of sorts, and one that is moderately entertaining.

Mr. Amberthwaite, an Englishman addicted to traveling, finds himself on shipboard, and, rather bored with himself, attempts, through an interest which he only half realizes as a desire for vicatious experience, to influence and arrange the affairs of a promising young man on board. Fearing for the young man's susceptible and marriageable state, Mr. Amberthwaite intercedes and upsets various possibilities of marriage, only later, on land, to fall in love himself with the woman whom his protegé had long before married and divorced! This ironic outcome is softened only by the agreeable friendship Mr. Amberthwaite finally achieves with the young man who so captivated his attention.

The semi-subtle plot is filled out with some amusing conversation and comment which bring into a satiric limelight sundry phases of English and American temperament and which add an air of sophistication to the novel. Yet Mr. Marlowe persists in revealing, intentionally we suppose, that even the sophisticated are subject to the frailties and follies of less worldly, less outwardly poised human beings.

THE LOST FIGHT. By H. F. M. PRESCOTT. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.50.

In this story of the Middle Ages, Mr. Prescott does not apply himself to prettification and to fairy-tale romance. Rather, he gives us a revealing social background of the thirteenth century, tells us something about Cyprus and Jerusalem, and fills in with an amorous narrative that is decidedly somber. Like most narratives of its general type, "The Lost Fight" is not easy reading. But for those who like the medieval setting and are willing to struggle with the befuddling names of places and of people, Mr. Prescott's narrative will be pleasant.

THE DUKE STEPS OUT. By LUCIAN CARY. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

If anyone were to recite the plot of "The Duke Steps Out" in its barest outlines, the hearer might very easily suspect he was being given some last year's newspaper items. For the bare plot runs as follows: A young prize-fighter, the champion light-weight of America, has a soul above slugging. He yearns for culture, and he fancies that it may be gained at college, plus a bit of judicious reading on the side. He falls in love with a society girl, resigns his championship, deserts the ring, marries the girl, and is at some pains to plan ways of escape from post-nuptial publicity. But Mr. Cary rounds out this plot and fills in the characters until he has a novel where only clippings grew before. The author amuses himself with the contrasts that fairly cry out between the prize-ring group and the college crowd.

In a book obviously intended to be read without more ado simply as a story he is naturally more concerned with the type than the individual. Jake Levy, the Duke's manager, who talks of "collidge" as the ruination of a good prize-fighter, and Professor Gardiner, who gets a black eye and loses half a collar at his first attendance upon pugilism, share about alike in the matter of complexity of character. The fight's the thing in "The Duke Steps Out," and it has the proper modern thrill in being reported over the radio with "Oh folks, what a right the champion landed that time!" and other microphonic phrases.

THE LASLETT AFFAIR. By A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER. Macaulay. 1929. $2.

The Gentleman with a Duster has written a big book and a busy book, fiction this time. Incidents elbow people off some of the pages, and theories jostle with descriptions of life, high and otherwise. All of which gives a tremendous air of bustle to the three hundred and eighty-eight pages of "The Laslett Affair," and will lure the most avid craver of action unsuspectingly through paragraph after paragraph of extemporaneous speeches on esthetics, athletics, morals, industry, politics, and every other subject on which human beings are wont to disagree. Because, to use the native idiom with which the Gentleman is quite familiar, something happens all the time,—absconding, murder, suicide, elopement, and betrayal.

There are four members of the Laslett family, but during the course of the book they undergo such complete changes of character as to make them seem like many more. To take them at the outset: the father is a hard, strong, unscrupulous man who has built up an enormous fortune and has kept his own counsel; the wife is a middle-aged woman who has never been able to throw her interest further from herself than the length of her own shadow, and who attempts, quite vainly, to seduce any male who comes within seducing distance; the daughter is an acrid modern, enjoying a colossal boredom and bringing herself, apparently through cigarette smoking, to a psychiatric institution; the son is another modern—aimless, cynical, intellectual. These four move about *de luxe* London until each one meets his own particular agent of metamorphosis and is transformed for the better.

Since Harvey Fergusson in his "Confusion of Tongues" has given away the secret as to the identity of "The Gentleman with a Duster," it is not difficult to trace the sources of the optimism that pervades "The Laslett Affair" in the face of the very discouraging picture of modernism.

THE GLORY AND THE PARLOUR. By DOROTHY WALWORTH CARMAN. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

Four generations are encompassed in "The Glory and the Parlour." By having a daughter, a mother, and a grandmother all flourishing when the book opens, the time element is easily managed without tedium since the period covered is really only the lifetime of one woman. But four distinct periods in feminine *mores* are adequately presented. And in each period it is the individual that counts. These women assert their personalities or lie back upon their environment according to what is in them. The thesis of the book might be that you cannot keep a good woman down or help a weak one up.

Dorothy Walworth Carman is at her best in the intimate portrayal of family life and in character sketches. She gives the feel of the thin ice across water pitchers on winter mornings, the smell of oil lamps and musty rooms. Nancy's school life in the present volume is really a thumbnail sketch of an hour of American history. People, especially women, Mrs. Carman often gives completely in a few phrases. "She was the vague one who tied ribbons on the cats and grew pansies while the others played marbles." All of Mrs. Carman's scenes and people seem to be drawn from memory rather than imagination. Her stories seem told rather than written.

DARK HESTER

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

A mother and son—close, happy, companionable, into their lives comes the son's fiancee, Dark Hester, the modern girl. The conflict of these two women, alike in their uncompromising honesty, worlds apart in their whole outlook on life, makes a novel of passionate intensity. By the author of "The Little French Girl." $2.50

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FIRE OF SPRING. By DOROTHY COURSEN. Holt. 1928. $2.50.

This is a first novel which should not be overlooked. It has many qualities that in the telling may seem common enough to novels of youth, but they are, in "Fires of Spring," touched with an almost sombre radiance. And this is no effect striven for; it is inherent, effortless, it seems almost unconscious.

Here is an adolescent heart, a first thin flame of spring. Here are the first thwarted reachings out towards emotion, the masochistic prostration before an ugly religion, the pushed, tormented gestures towards love. Adult complacency at what youth cannot understand, or feel, will be shaken by a reading of "Fires of Spring."

There is something of every young thing in the book. The bitter-sweet sap of young trees, the tumbling, forward hurry of young animals, the cool pallor of very early spring mornings. Behind them all there is that eternal and inevitable urge that drives young things on that they may become old, and cramped, and still. Dorothy Coursen has caught that perilous, poised moment when the guessed is still unknown, when promise floods just short of fulfilment, where the brook and river meet: land never charted by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

COLLUM. By E. ARNOT ROBERTSON. Holt. 1928. $2.

Collum is the sort of person who seems to cost more than he is worth. And yet to those who fall under his spell no cost seems too great. He is Trollope's Adolphus Crosby who made so many ladies weep so many tears. Only Collum is extremely modern even to the extent of making a bit of a cult of it, and the people and situations surrounding him are much more complex and socially significant than those of "The Small House at Allington."

"Collum" is an English novel and has the freedom of movement and tang of the country which the contemporary women writers of England seem peculiarly able to give. E. Arnot Robertson must be a woman. The slant of the story, for all its virility, is feminine.

PASSION IS THE WIND. By BRIDGET DRYDEN. Day. 1928. $2.

The self-revelatory stream-of-consciousness nature of "Passion Is the Wind" makes both credible and understandable the jacket's statement that "Bridget Dryden" is a pseudonym. The book is written with more ease than restraint. The story of this passion is told from the heroine's point of view, with strong, although apparently unconscious, leanings toward the narcissistic. In her embraces the lady is usually concerned with her own charms rather than with those of her lover; but since they really are charms and her appreciation of them is urbanely sophisticated, one should, perhaps, not complain. The book is light in tone and suave in style, obviously intended for those who do not take life or love too hard.

THE SILVER VIRGIN. By IDA A. R. WYLIE. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

This tale provides a rather happy combination of that which makes books popular and some of that which makes them great —which is to say that the author, Ida A. R. Wylie, has taken a striking title, an absorbing plot, and a passionate conflict, imbued all with an understanding of people, a sympathy with youth, and a respect for human experience, and written all with a style that is pleasing.

The war, we might easily deduce from current fiction, left all English youth in a turbulent state. Gale and Justine, the two that this author is chiefly describing, had loved and married in the midst of the war period, and after the war their love persisted, though into it had entered a new problem of physical relationship upon which their mutual happiness foundered and turned to bitterness. Gale chose to take his bitterness to the little Spanish village where they had met, where stood the shrine of the Silver Virgin; Justine thought she would be satisfied in another marriage. Yet neither, without the other, found rest. The adjustment of the body, sex, and the spirit, love, had proved too much for them:

> What was all this business of sex? It had seemed a splendid, lovely thing. It had been the sudden blazing light which in a moment had revealed Gale and Justine to each other. It had been the pillar of fire which had guided them through the hard, dark years. She knew that it was not base. Nor had it been everything to either of them. It had been no more and no less than the outward and visible sign of their great union. But then it had turned against them.

We are grateful to Miss Wylie that she does not leave it at that, but that, by the depth of her understanding and by the delicacy with which she handled her material, she could *convincingly* bring these young people through to the happiness we wanted them to achieve again.

We are grateful too for the many fine passages in the book and for Miss Wylie's ability to carry the feeling of her story over to the reader without any cheapening or sensationalism. This novel, courageous and straightforward, cannot leave one unmoved, but it is well worth being stirred by, which is more than one can say of many an upsetting piece of fiction.

MAREEA—MARIA. By SOPHIE KERR. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

Ingenuity thrives on the perennial conflict of mother- and daughter-in-law. Miss Kerr may be credited with the dubious success of having achieved yet another variation of this theme. Certainly her accomplishment goes little further than that.

In "Mareea—Maria" the healthy instincts of an unschooled Italian girl are contrasted with bleak Methodist morals. Between Allie Dean, to whom realities were indecent and gaiety synonymous with looseness, and her son's wife there was persistent and uncompromising warfare. When discovery of her mother-in-law's schemes to cheat her of her possessions and to rob her of her child thrusts victory in her way, Mareea accepts it without hesitation.

The reader's interest is implored throughout this naive bit of story-telling by the glib facility with which the author maintains a series of small incidents, all calculated to draw our sympathy toward Mareea and to arouse our contempt for Allie Dean. This uncertain power over our emotions seems to be Miss Kerr's only concern. Mareea, it is true, demands some attention because she has an animal vitality, but she is the only living figure in the book, and an ingenuously exaggerated portrait at that. The audience for such entertainment as this needs must be especially uncritical.

FOUR FACES OF SIVA. By *Robert J. Casey*. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

WINGS OF WAX. By *Janet Hoyt*. Sears. $2.50.

SHEILA BOTH-WAYS. By *Joanna Godden*. Stokes. $2.

THE SECRET OF MUSTERTON HOUSE. By *George Granby*. Dutton. $2.

MIASMA. By *Elisabeth Sanxay Holding*. Dutton. $2.

THE GIRL MEN MARRY. By *Jane Johns*. Dutton. $2.

A NATIVE ARGOSY. By *Morley Callaghan*. Scribners. $2.50.

SLAVES OF THE GODS. By *Katherine Mayo*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

ADVENTURE CALLS. By *Katharine Wooley*. Minton, Balch. $2.

DARK HESTER. By *Anne Douglas Sedgwick*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE ORANGE COURT. By *Lily Anne Coppard*. Washburn. $2.50.

(*Continued on next page*)

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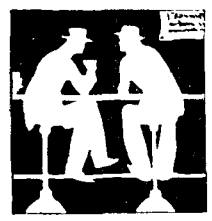

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

AFRICAN HARVEST. By *Nora Stevenson.* Washburn.

THE MERRY HEART. By *Frank Swinnerton.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

GARDA. By *Rose O'Neill.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

PELICAN COAST. By *Alan Le May.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

THE CENTRAL PARK MURDER. By *Beldon Duff.* Crime Club. $2 net.

THE WOLVES OF CHAOS. By *Harold MacGrath.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE BLACK DUDLEY MURDER. By *Margery Allingham.* Crime Club. $2 net.

HELL'S LOOSE. By *Roland Pertwee.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE LIBERTINES. By *Henri de Regnier.* Macaulay. $2.50.

THE PRINCE SERVES HIS PURPOSE. By *Alice Duer Miller.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

LORD PETER VIEWS THE BODY. By *Dorothy L. Sayers.* Payson & Clarke. $2.

THEY WERE SO YOUNG. By *Achmed Abdullah.* Payson & Clarke. $2.

FUGITIVE LOVE. By *Negley Farson.* Century. $2.

THE WOMAN HUNTERS. By *Arthur Somers Roche.* Century. $2.

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THE ALCHEMY MURDER. By *Peter Oldfield.* Washburn. $2.

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BABES AND SUCKLINGS. By *Philip Wylie.* Knopf. $2.50.

THE LADDER OF FOLLY. By *Muriel Hine.* Appleton. $2.

THE SILVER HAWK. By *William Byron Mowery.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE SQUARE EGG. By *Saki* (*H. H. Munro*). Viking. $1.75.

WHEN WILLIAM CAME. By *Saki* (*H. H. Munro*). Viking. $1.75.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER. By *Alexander Pushkin.* Viking. $2.

THE INNOCENT VOYAGER. By *Richard Hughes.* Harpers. $2.50.

STUMBLING. By *Dave E. Smalley.* Barse. $2.

HAPPY EVER AFTER. By *H. R. Wakefield.* Appleton. $2.

A DISH FOR THE GODS. By *Cyril Hume.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

JEHOVAH'S DAY. By *Mary Borden.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

EDDY AND EDOUARD. By the *Baroness von Hutten.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE SON OF DR. TRADUSAC. By *Elizabeth Huntington.* Duffield. $2.50.

History

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF INDIA. By SIR WOLSELEY HAIG. Macmillan. 1928.

No greater contrast can be imagined between the ideals of India from 1200 to 1526 and those of the world to-day, as expressed in the Kellogg Peace Treaties, than is forced upon us when we read this third volume of Indian history, which deals with the Turk and Afghan invaders and rulers of Northern India. War was not only an accepted instrument of policy, but it was the principal occupation of the upper classes and many kings attempted new conquests each year.

Sir Wolseley has treated a difficult subject in a masterly manner, giving an adequate account of the period, but without excessive emphasis upon unimportant details. He explains how the way was prepared for the Moghul Empire and also has chapters upon the various feudal and independent states of northern and southern India which are not usually discussed in similar histories. One is impressed with the careful comparison of the original sources, which often conflict, and with the intelligent scholarship.

The description of the monuments of Muslim India, by Sir John Marshall, Director General of the Archæological Survey of India, is admirable, not only in showing how the native Indian and Persian styles were fused to make one more beautiful, but in calling our attention to the various steps which led to the marvellous creations of the Moghuls at Agra and Delhi. The fifty-one illustrations include all the principal buildings, and many which are rarely visited.

THE TRAGEDY OF GREECE. By S. P. P. COSMETATOS. Brentanos. 1928. $4.50.

The announcement on the cover by the publisher states that "the disclosures made are so amazing that they could not be believed were not the indisputable evidence given to support every contention." In his foreword Mr. Hartmann implies the same complete documentation and the author himself in his preface claims that his sole object is to search out the truth as a contribution to history.

As a matter of fact, when we come to examine some of the author's statements we do not find the same standard of level accuracy that is promised us. When he remarks that there was never the slightest trace of truth in the formidable charges brought against neutral Greece, he is making a statement so sweeping as to raise doubt, and many a reader will hesitate to believe that future generations will speak of the propaganda against Greece as the greatest falsification in world history. The same fault is to be found with such statements as this, referring to 1914, "Not a man could be found in Greece who could be called pro-German." When it comes to such very important matters as the interview of Venizelos and the King in September, 1915, it is most disappointing to find no documentary evidence cited.

Most readers will approach the book with a sympathy for Greece. We all have, whether from what we know or from what we have heard, or from what we have imagined, a tremendous admiration for Greece and her legacy to the modern world. Unfortunately, the present champion of Greece is too much concerned with his own thesis (that Constantine was one of the great kings of Hellas and that Venizelos falls little short of Satan himself) to give real substance to our sympathy. There is much material in the book for a more balanced historian to use. Greece passed through a real tragedy during the period of the war. Probably even the historians of the allied nations will admit that she suffered greatly at the hands of her so-called friends. But the dispassionate history of her tragedy is not to be found in this volume.

International

THE LAND PIRATES OF INDIA. By W. J. HATCH. Lippincott. 1928. $5.

A complete contrast to our Occidental ethics is found among the Kuravers, a hereditary criminal tribe of India, numbering hundreds of thousands, whose main occupation is stealing and gang robbery, with incidental murder. After a successful expedition the temples are visited, not for pardon, for no such idea exists among them, but to give the gods their share of the spoil, otherwise future expeditions will not be so profitable. The wholesale scale of their operations can be imagined from the fact that in Madras Province in three years there were 3,737 cases of gang robbers in which there were over 1,050 injured, 117 tortured, and 21 murdered, with 669 persons indicted. The local police are powerless against these clever and unscrupulous burglars, and the provincial police cannot be at the same time in the thousands of small villages, and unless caught in the act, it is impossible to distinguish the robbers from peaceful workmen.

The manners and customs, religion, methods of attack, superstitions, and occupations of these singular clans are described in a most interesting manner by a man who has intimate personal knowledge of the subject, and who has studied them with a sympathetic understanding of their temptations and points of view. He appreciates that the Kuraver who has cattle and lands steals for excitement, and believes that in education there is hope of transforming these criminal gangs from dangers to assets of their country.

Juvenile

(The Children's Bookshop will appear next week)

Philosophy

WHY DO WE DO IT. By ED WOLFF. Macaulay. 1929. $2.50.

This is both an amusing and a clever compilation of interesting odds and ends of knowledge concerning social customs and popular beliefs. It carries on the interest of "Ask Me Another" and the curiosity hunting thrill of "Believe It or Not," and in the same mingling of jest and earnest, conveys information painlessly and at times profitably. The bid for popularity is at times insistent, but the English, or rather the American, language has been so variedly abused that another variation will do no harm. Those curious as to why we do things, with a little side-light on why we believe in doing them, may spend a pleasant half hour now and then by dipping into this engaging venture.

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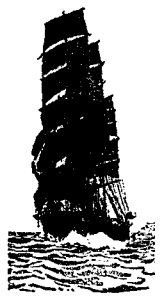

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AN OUTLINE OF ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY. Edited by GARDNER MURPHY. Modern Library. 1929. 95 cents.

Professor Gardner Murphy has edited for the Modern Library a well selected compendium of "Abnormal Psychology." It forms a convenient summary of information and interpretation regarding mental deficiencies, the insanities, the neurotic variations or dreads and impulses, the abnormal trends in childhood, and the bearing of all this on social problems. It contains what many general readers would like to know. It has the advantage of conveying the information at first hand from specialists to reader; thus also indicating differences of treatment and opinion. What Professor Taylor has done for the more professionally minded student in his "Readings in Abnormal Psychology" is here accomplished for the general reader.

THE BATTLE OF BEHAVIORISM. By JOHN WATSON and WILLIAM MACDOUGALL. Norton. 1929. $1.

The advance of science proceeds more by peaceful penetration of logic than by contentious warfare. Yet controversy has its place; an occasional set-to with properly proportioned gloves adds to the sharpening of issues and the gaiety of the intellectual world.

So when Dr. John B. Watson and Professor William MacDougall met in the debating ring to fight out the issue of Psychology vs. Behaviorism, we welcomed the opportunity of listening in by reading the record of the encounter. It was an animated but good-natured difference of view; though adjectives flew, they carried a logical, and not a personal, barb.

The difficulties in judging the issues are many. There is the popular exploitation of the Watsonian doctrines, which takes the matter away from academic influence and places it under the control of editors of popular magazines. Without this advertising publicity, "Behaviorism" would have remained a soberly obscure issue in academic circles. When MacDougall notes that, unlike Watson, he has not made himself "at the same time famous and ridiculous by allowing the impetus of my reforming zeal to carry me over from one lopsided extreme position to its opposite," he has indicated what may come to be recognized as a new technique in achieving reputation.

The next difficulty is that all psychologists are behaviorists, and MacDougall makes out a good case for the claim that he was one long before Watson. MacDougall says: So long as Watson cries for the word "Behaviorism," give the word a black eye and let him have it, and so save confusion. Many will object. By no means; redeem the proprietary label that Watson places on his wares and restore the open shop."

The worst of "Behaviorism" is over. Psychology has declined the invitation to curtail its boundaries to the point of withdrawal from an active participation in shaping the interpretations of human powers and their control.

Poetry

PAN AND PEACOCKS. By WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS. The Four Seas Company. 1928. $2.50.

It is, in our belief, of high importance that the poets of this age should mirror the features of their era in the burnished mirror of their verse, and echo its clamor and the whirr of its machines. But the prime wisdom for each poet is to sing the world within him, even though it be untouched by the world without. There will never come a time when love will be outmoded, nor melancholy, nor exquisite sensitiveness to the old and untarnished beauty of fragile and delicate things. Though dynamos hum and rivets clang, jade still can be carved into jewels.

By the serene imperturbability with which he has devoted himself to the making of poems which are like carved jade, Walter Adolphe Roberts has really achieved a highly original book. For at the center of it stand eleven villanelles, and most of the remaining pieces are sonnets of classic mold. What could be more original in this day, when experimental forms, straining tropes, and a nervous, even violent approach have become conventions of verse-composition? But Mr. Roberts has done more than display an almost scornful disregard of current fashions. Any sophomore can turn out formally correct examples of those cunning forms beloved by troubadours of old. Mr. Roberts has poured into these graceful contours the substance of robust and real poetry. What he understands by poetry, it is evident, is the attar of moods; and that is as good as anyone's guess at the meaning of poetry. The present reviewer, who in the course of a long career of versifying has never written a villanelle, nor could ever write one, finds the form itself, as used by Mr. Roberts, not without a certain tiresomeness; but finds also, partly in and partly despite the form, undubitable poetry. Grant the distillation of moods to be the essence of poetry, open your ear to subtle music and your mind to delicate imagery, and you will find Walter Adolphe Roberts a poet, a bringer of delights.

THE SCEPTRED FLUTE. Songs of India. By SAROJINI NAIDU. Dodd, Mead. 1929. $3.

Sarojini Naidu is said to be the greatest woman poet in India, but it is hardly well-advised of Mr. Auslander, who writes the Introduction to her volume, to drag in Keats and Shelley. Mme. Naidu is a better critic of her own poetry. "I have the vision and the desire," she says, "but not the voice." Mr. Auslander concludes: "This is hardly the India of Lawrence Hope and Katherine Mayo. But it is the true India. For if we would know the truth about India, as about all things, we must go to the poets." These are very doubtful propositions; not but that the native understands as the alien never does, but that there are too many truths about any great and complex country for any truth to be *the* truth. The poets tell us a different kind of truth from the historians, sociologists, and such like, but the truth is not theirs either. It is no man's.

In point of fact, Mme. Naidu's India is somewhat like the India of Lawrence Hope (Why drag in Miss Mayo?) because it is seen through two temperaments of some resemblance. In Mme. Naidu the knowledge is more intimate, the "vision and desire" more intense, but the "voice" in both poets is inadequate to the feeling. English, Mme. Naidu says, is more naturally her native tongue than Hindustanee, and yet she is not at home in the language as an English lyric poet is at home among its rhythmic and verbal subtleties. Her poetry is exquisite in feeling, but not in form. There is distinction, but it lies half concealed behind an undistinguished, or less distinguished, surface; and this, which Mme. Naidu aptly calls a lack of "voice," has presumably some connection with her not having been born in the language. Something behind it throbs and shines, but the words do not, and the rhythms are insensitive.

It is more satisfactory to quote examples of adequacy, which are specific, than examples of inadequacy, which are not specific unless pinned down by comparisons; comparisons are never parallel.

For us the travail and the heat,
The broken secrets of our pride,
The strenuous lessons of defeat,
The flower deferred, the fruit denied;
But not the peace supremely won,
Lord Buddha, of thy Lotus-throne.

It is Kiplingesque rhythm and not what one would call sensitive, but there is dignity in it, and nobility, and one does not feel here the discrepancy between the purpose and the means. In general, in these songs of love and life and death, one is conscious of an exotic, passionate, delicate, sensitive, and beautiful spirit, which can indicate its presence, but cannot fully charge its medium with its own rare quality.

Mme. Naidu first became celebrated for precocity. She passed her entrance examinations to the University of Madras at the age of twelve, and a few years later was sent to England to study at King's College, London, and at Girton. She has published three volumes of verse before, from which the preesnt volume is a selection. She is now President of the Indian National Congress, having succeeded to Mahatma Gandhi.

SELECTED POEMS. By *Aline Kilmer*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.50 net.

FROM DEPTHS UNKNOWN. By *Oliver Murray Edwards*. Syracuse, N. Y.: Revilo Press. $6.

A CEDAR BOX AND OTHER POEMS. By *Robert Nathan*. Bobbs-Merrill.

THE PEDDLER OF DREAMS AND OTHER POEMS. By *Elizabeth Davis Richards*. New York: Broder.

THE ORACLE ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY. 1928. New York: Broder.

POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT HERRICK. Cresset. 4 vols.

ECHOES. By *Jack M. Franks*. Chicago: Lakeside Press.

NOAH'S DOVE. By *Laura Benét*. Doubleday, Doran.

GERMAN LYRICS. Translated by *Lucia Young*. Oxford University Press. $1.75.

BALLYHOO FOR A MENDICANT. By *Carlton Talbott*. Liveright. $2.

MANHATTAN MEN. By *Alfred Kreymborg*. Coward-McCann. $2.

THE LITANY OF WASHINGTON STREET. By *Vachel Lindsay*. Macmillan. $3.

FURTHER POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Edited by *Martha Dickinson Bianchi*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

WILD GARDEN. By *Bliss Carman*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

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THESE, says John Livingston Lowes in his charming Foreword, were the early loves of George Bryan Logan, Jr., author of LIBERTY IN THE MODERN WORLD. Something had been his of both, and both, concludes Mr. Lowes finely, "had been characteristically transmuted into service." Very wonderful and freely given service. Immediately upon graduation from Princeton in 1915, and two years before America entered the war, Logan joined Professor Pupin's relief party to Serbia, and after long and dangerous service in many capacities, he emerged at the end with impaired health resulting in his death. A liberal and lover of life, he became even more passionately devoted to the cause of freedom in a world apparently ready to crush it, and the last months of his life were spent writing down his profound conclusions about liberty—its connection with law, with expression, government, work, history, science, humanism, and religion. This book is his testament to a changing world—a high-minded conception of man's most lasting value—liberty.

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The New Books

Science

(*Continued from preceding page*)

HOW WE INHERIT. By EDGAR ALTENBURG. Holt. 1928. $3.

Professor Altenburg of Rice Institute has succeeded admirably in telling how we inherit in terms so simple that the reader without previous training in biology can understand the process as it is understood by students of genetics to-day. To be sure, there may be some difficulty in comprehending the discussion of complicated inheritance involving multiple factors, such as skin color in the negro-white cross, and in the limitations of the selective power in changing racial characters, but still for brevity and clearness the present volume stands forth conspicuously.

The author has been especially successful in his presentation of the subject of linkage, by virtue of which the factors for certain traits tend in definite but different degrees to be inherited together, and from a study of which in fruit flies the geneticist has been able to indicate the approximate location of these factors on the chromosomes.

This knowledge of the location of the genes has made it possible to predict and control the inheritance of many features of the experimental animal. There is no reason to question the probable similarity of the process in man. Yet the difficulty of collecting the scientific data necessary for such work in the human species is so great that it taxes the imagination to apply the knowledge to the end that the heredity of man can be controlled as in the prolific and convenient fruit fly. This is not to say that human inheritance is for ever beyond the power of man to control and that eugenics is entirely theoretical, all that is implied is that for years to come less exact methods must suffice.

Travel

FRENCH FRANCE. By *Oliver Madox Hueffer.* Appleton.

NEW ROADS IN OLD VIRGINIA. By *Agnes Rothery.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE OUTPOST OF THE LOST. By *General David L. Brainard.* Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

JUNGLE GODS. By *Carl von Hoffman.* Holt. $3.50.

COMBING THE CARIBBEES. By *Harry L. Foster.* Dodd, Mead. $3.

THE LAST HOME OF MYSTERY. By *E. Alexander Powell.* Century. $4.

RED TIGER. By *Phillips Russell.* Brentanos. $5.

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Gertrude Atherton says:

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 56. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most convincing rendering of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam as it might have been translated by Mr. Carl Sandburg. Specimens must not exceed 400 words. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of April 8.)

Competition No. 57. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short Song for May Day, 1929. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of April 22.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE FIFTY-FOURTH COMPETITION

You were commissioned to design a special deck of cards for the Bridge-cum-Literature Club of America. Each of the sixteen court cards was required to bear the facial likeness of a living American author. The prize of fifteen dollars offered for the list of suggestions carrying the most amusing critical implications has been awarded to Dalnar Devening, of San Francisco, Cal.

THE WINNING ENTRY

THE Ace of Hearts? Eugene O'Neill
Who probes them with a pen of steel.
The King is he who knows the strife
And stress of Helen's "Private Life."
Her studies in rejuvenation
Win Atherton the Heart Queen's station.
But who's this Knave? Well, I'll be blest,
If it's not blushing Eddie Guest!

The Ace of Spades is easy. Why, sir,
Who digs more thoroughly than Dreiser?
The King is Cabell who won fame
By calling spades another name,
While Djuna Barnes the Queen is made
Because she calls a spade a spade.
Here George Jean Nathan is the Knave—
He's helped dig many a playwright's grave.

The Ace of Diamonds? Let me see!
Wright's earnings smack of Kimberley.
The King's none other than the bluff
Jim Tully, still a trifle rough!
And, putting cap and bells away,
The brilliant Queen is Miss Millay.
The Knave (two "grand" his weekly hire)
Is, oddly, Oscar McIntyre.

The Ace of Clubs is Sinclair Lewis
Who takes the big shillalah to us.
And that stout King who whacks the boobs
Is H. L. Mencken. Run, you rubes!
Here Dorothy Parker is the Queen,
Wielding a club of satin sheen.
Art Brisbane is the Knave, now cursed
To play a part that's well rehearst!

DALNAR DEVENING.

Why is it, I wonder, that so many people will not take the trouble to read the terms of these competitions before they write their entries? Week after week numbers disqualify themselves by sheer carelessness. It cannot always be ignorance that sends a Ballad when a Ballade has been requested, or Free Verse instead of a Sonnet. A few weeks ago, when a Sonnet in monosyllables was asked for, at least thirty out of two hundred entries completely disregarded the condition. And now this week, although the plain request was for a list of American authors, at least a dozen entries contain the names of Englishmen and Irishmen. Edith Darrow Goldsmith ruined one of the best lists of the week by naming Warwick Deeping as the Ace of Hearts. She was one of the few who took the trouble to define the significance of her suits. Her spades were realists—Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Ernest Hemingway being Ace, King, Queen, Knave respectively; in hearts Warwick Deeping was followed by three other "sentimentalists"—Harold Bell Wright, Kathleen Norris, and Coningsby Dawson; diamonds stood for "Irony, Fantasy, Wit, the writers with a cutting edge," viz., Willa Cather, James Branch Cabell, Anne Douglas Sedgwick (with a note to say that this place would have been Elinor Wylie's but a short time ago,), and Ring Lardner as Knave; and, finally, her clubs were the satirists—Louis Bromfield, Sinclair Lewis, Agnes Repplier, and H. L. Mencken. But the one English name disqualified Mrs. Goldsmith.

Large numbers of merely thoughtless, haphazard lists had to be set aside. But enough remained to set at rest some of the uncomfortable misgivings which overcame me after (in a fit of high spirits) I had set this competition. Nobody compiled a list that gave thorough satisfaction. But the Bridge-cum-Literature Club might have trouble in finding a better committee than Dalnar Devening, Homer Parsons, Marguerite Melcher, Eleanor Lockwood, who prepared a portrait pack, and Isabel Shirtleff, who, between them, covered most of the promising ground. Dalnar Devening takes the prize for a list very little better than the best of the others. I paused over his Ace of Spades. He deserved to win for the additional reason that he pointed his entertaining implications in rhyme, a self-imposed difficulty which is well overcome. I liked Mrs. Melcher's "suit mottoes":

Clubs
Follies that big sticks harm no whit
Fall vanquished by a touch of wit.
Diamonds
Stars, like diamonds rich and bright,
Flash across our dazzled sight.
Hearts
Love and life and lore and art
Poets find hid within the heart.
Spades
When realists, like farm dogs, dig
Sometimes their dirt goes over big.

Hers was one of the few lists that took sufficient notice of the poets. Homer Parsons' list is printed below. One competitor, for reasons that wholly eluded me, built her club suit out of the editorial staff of the *Saturday Review.* And I am rather apprehensive as to the implications surrounding Christopher Morley's name.

Homer Parsons's list follows in A, K, Q, J order.

Clubs—H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Dorothy Parker, and Eddie Guest (Kiwani's variety).

Hearts—Lindbergh, E. A. Robinson (*Tristram* earns him this), Edna St. Vincent Millay, Upton Sinclair (read his preface to Sterling's "Sonnets to Craig").

Diamonds—James Branch Cabell, the brilliant; Jim Tully (in-the-rough), Fannie Hurst (since Elinor Glyn is English), Robert W. Chambers, with accent on the "jack!" (But isn't this last author English? —ED.)

Spades—James Weldon Johnson, Joseph Collins (The doctor looks at the Undertaker's prospect), Anne Nichols, whose royalty is unquestioned. A spade is a spade, even here (but it should be a scoop shovel), Octavus Roy Cohen.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature,* 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

ONE at least of the quotations offered for inscription upon the wall of a children's library has stood the test of actual use upon a living-room wall. *L. W., writing on note-paper headed "Port of Rest, Weekapaug, Rhode Island," says that* "for thirty-five years we have had the stanza beginning 'O turne thy rudder hetherward awhile,' and including 'This is the Port of Rest from troublous toyle,' under discussion on a fireboard against the fireplace; hence the cottage has always been as above, and I may add, still true to name, though the Atlantic is booming outside. We took it from a private library in Raleigh, where it had been used many years. I should say we copied it, for I dare say it is still in position in Raleigh."

My own experience with the stanza is that it keeps alive under impalement better than any other that I have seen set against a wall. My copy has stood for some weeks midway of the shelves that scale the wall of my study, just where I collide with it on my way toward the "Publishers Trade List Annual" and other airy examples of restful modern literature. But I have never passed it without a sense of gratitude.

Speaking of children and libraries, the Dolls Convention lately assembled under the auspices of the Bookshop for Boys and Girls, Boston (inspired by a doll contest in Eliza Orne White's "Tony"), debated among other matters the important question "Are Animals (such as Pooh, Piglet, and others) Replacing Dolls in the Home, School, and Playground?" The vote was all for dolls, but its effect was a trifle impaired by another vote taken to determine the favorite book of the doll-owners present. This proved to be "Winnie-the-Pooh." This I learn from the *Dolls Convention News*, published at the bookshop on Boylesston Street, a leaflet worth sending for.

"Years ago," says E. S. N. D., Baltimore, Md., "I read a book dealing with the insular pronunciation of English names and with a chapter on customs in England differing from those in the United States." Any information will be appreciated.

IT was not many years ago that "Spoken in Jest," by an anonymous author called "Chateds," was published by Dutton; it may have been out some five or six years and is still popular. But it does answer the requirements of this question, and if the earlier book is not located by some reader, I advise E. S. N. D. to get it. It would be well to get it anyway, for in a light-hearted and skittish fashion it introduces one nation to another, not through the large matters on which we are in general agreed, but through the little ones forever reminding us of our differences. It is no Anglomania that leads me to ask a huckster for *tomahtoes* in London, but the knowledge, born of experience, that I will have to ask for them twice unless I do. It is no pusillanimity that makes me shift back to *tomaytoes* on returning to New York, but a firm reliance on the Oxford New English Dictionary, that from the Olympian majesty of its ten-volume shelf lets it be known that one is *Eng.* and the other *U. S.*, and makes no pronunciamentos on which is "right"—beyond inferring that the sound may have been assimilated here to that of potato, for which we did set the style. "Spoken in Jest" is a gay little book with pictures.

A. S. M. C., Battle Creek, Mich., asks for fiction and non-fiction about spies in the World War.

THERE doesn't seem to be much reason for making fiction out of spy stories; they are usually so much wilder in reality. Compton Mackenzie has one spy novel, "Extremes Meet" (Doubleday, Doran), and there is always "Mare Nostrum" (Dutton), in which Ibañez utilizes the experience of Mata Hari. In "The Scarlet Tanager," by J. A. Tyson (Macmillan), there is a plot to blow up all civilization in 1930, a date that has been creeping up on the author until it rather gives a reader the creeps. But Mata Hari appears also in Joseph Gollomb's "Spies" (Macmillan), a series of authentic records of the exploits of actual men and women, not only of the Great War, but of history in general, and in this she is quite incredible enough.

George Barton tells the stories of "Celebrated Spies and Famous Mysteries of the Great War" (Page), following an earlier volume on "The World's Greatest Spies" (Page). Spies appear in Basil Thomson's book, "My Experiences at Scotland Yard" (Doubleday, Doran), and in W. N. Taft's "On Secret Service" (Harper), and there is a big book of them; "Spy and Counterspy," by R. W. Rowan, published by the Viking Company. "My Experiences with Spies in the Great European War" is published by the author, B. P. Holst, Boone, Iowa; "German Spies at Bay," by S. T. Felstead (Brentano), is said to have been compiled from official sources. "Tales of Ægean Intrigue," by John Cuthbert Lawson (Dutton), is a brilliant and often amusing account of the experience of the author in the naval intelligence, when Constantine, Venezelos, and the Allies were playing diplomatic poker. "On Special Missions," by C. Lucieto (McBride), is an inside story of the spy and counterspy system, translated from the French. Ferdinand Tuohy's "The Secret Corps" (Liveright) is an explanation of methods of espionage and counter-espionage used in all countries during the Great War, enlivened with many anecdotes. "Throttled," told to P. M. Hollister by T. J. Tunney of the Bomb Squad (Small, Maynard), is concerned with the detection of the anarchist bomb-plotters.

M. A. L. L., Boston, Mass., bought Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern English Usage" under the impression that it was more in the nature of a history of words than it proved to be. Is there a similar compilation with more of the etymological flavor?

SOME time ago a constituent wrote to ask what was the matter with the editor of this department. "You have not mentioned 'Weekley's Etymological Dictionary' for three months," said she. "I think you must be ill." Fancy then my gratitude to an inquirer who gives me a legitimate chance to bring it in again. The big fat one I own is now out of print, but Ernest Weekley's "Concise Etymological Dictionary of Modern English" (Dutton) is evidently the book for which this reader is looking. An eye might also be cast in the direction of his "Words Ancient and Modern," "The Romance of Words," "Surnames," and "The Romance of Names"; Dutton publishes them all, and once you begin on this charming subject, you read all you can find. I have, for example, been dedicating the greater part of my spare time for some weeks past to joyous rambles through the New English Dictionary, the Oxford Dictionary, whose first volume appeared in 1884 and whose tenth trimphantly completed the series in the year from which we have just emerged. My excuse was that I was giving a lecture in celebration of its completion, but the truth was that I had announced that lecture just to give myself a chance to discover what *toad-eater* comes from, the history of *cockney*, *yankee*, and *laudanum*, the wanderings of *bogus*, and the use of y with a verb to indicate (in dialect) continued action, as in Devon, "How the dog do jumpy!" I cannot see why some people are afraid of the dictionary; they must be, or I should not be so often asked to decide "arguments" on the pronunciation of a word. There is no more sense in arguing over the pronunciation of a word than there is in shutting the eyes and arguing whether a man has red hair, when all you have to do to settle it is to open your eyes and look at him. Yet it occurs to so few people to open the dictionary. Having opened it, however, let your glance slip down the page and see what happens; or, better yet, try spending the afternoon in the society of the New Oxford; making it was a romantic and disinterested adventure, as one discovers upon reading the account of that forty-year undertaking; reading it should be adventurous and disinterested.

Let not this reader regret the purchase of Fowler; whatever brought that book into the house, it will turn out a bargain sooner or later.

And here is another chance to speak up for a personal preference. *A. H. B., who keeps the book shop at Syracuse University* (where they have a parrot who won't talk and a cat that sleeps in the window), asks where to find "Sammy the Turtle," saying that a customer gave her the title and said that I had owned to reading it three times, and therefore it must be good. The full title of this appealing work—it has even some of the special charm to be found in "The Wind in the Willows"—is "Travels of Sammie the Turtle"; it is told and illustrated by Marion Bullard and published by Dutton. Sammie manages to shed his shell and goes out to see the world, and anything more amusing—and somehow more touching—than the pictures of Sammie on the road, or looking up at the Woolworth with his sweater under his arm, or jumping high for sheer joy, it would be hard to find. It is a book for children; people buy it to give children and then have to get another copy to keep.

E. A., Baltimore, Md., fears that a poor translation may have been the cause of her unhappy experience with Balzac, and asks what is considered the best one in English.

BALZAC has suffered less from translators than most French authors; it might almost be said of him, as it is of Cooper, that he has never been translated without being improved. He was the last to admire his own bricks-and-mortar style, and his repeated revisions ate up his money in proof-corrections; his genius is in the creation of human beings who tear their way through the paper and live outside the book, between the books, waiting their turn to go on, perhaps as hero, perhaps as walking gentleman, but always implacably alive. The Centenary Edition of the "Comédie Humaine," published by Little, Brown, is translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley; it is complete and unexpurgated, and that is the main thing; there is also a translation edited by George Saintsbury, the chief volumes of the "Comédie" being in Everyman's. My experience with English-speaking devotees of Balzac—and I am by no means the only one of my generation who dived into the middle of the "Comédie" and came out with the last available line—is that they are not afraid of melodrama and can become intensely interested in people they do not like. Those who cannot be happy in the society of characters of whom they cannot approve should keep away from "Cousine Bette" or "Père Goriot." But when the first of these was republished last year by Little, Brown in a popular edition I leaped into it as if I were attending a class reunion, and when I found the second in French on a Flemish steamer, I lived in that unspeakable boarding-house through a grand storm and hardly noticed it.

There is an important new book for Balzacians, just announced by the University of Chicago Press; "A Balzac Bibliography," by William H. Royce, which is said to be a model in bibliographic studies, "an up-to-date, complete, comprehensive *bibliographie raisonnée*."

D. A. de F., Ponce, Porto Rico, has found that "reading an exquisite poem to Elinor Wylie, 'Peregrine,' in the current Vanity Fair, *has reawakened a recurrent dream of knowing more about falconry." Extensive study of the medieval in college has made her rather more familiar with the subject than the average reader, but that is all; she would like a book that explains the language and proceedings of falconry, the types of hawks, and their training.*

JUST where such a book is to be found at the present time and in this country, I do not know; there is Freeman's "Practical Falconry," published in London in 1869, and Salvin and Broderick's "Falconry in the British Isles," in 1873, and in 1914 the American magazine *Outing* (vol. 63) had an article, "An Ancient Sport in the New World," describing successful experiments in falconry here, using a Cooper's hawk. Other than this, there are the encyclopedia, from which one learns that the sport was popular in China 2000 B.C., and almost as long ago in Babylonia; and that in England after the Conquest rank was determined by the particular species of hawk carried on the wrist. That is, royalty alone could carry the gyrfalcon, an earl the peregrine, a yeoman the goshawk, a priest the sparrow-hawk, and a servant the kestrel. In the eighteenth century the sport, which had fallen off, was revived for a season, but declined as soon as shooting birds on the wing became fashionable, along in the 'thirties. England, France, and Holland have made successful experiments at restoring it; in America we have the hawks, better ones than anywhere else, but not the tradition to give us the impulse. Perhaps someone knows of a book on falconry not too far out of reach.

M. B. M., Oshkosh, tells me to add to the books about Australia by Australians the comparatively new book "The Singing Gold," by Dorothy Cottrell, saying that the story is delightfully told and the descriptions colorful. As this goes to press, other mails are coming in from readers who feel defrauded because it was not put in. *E. R. W., Philadelphia,* sends as an inscription for the library wall, from Proverbs 8: "Wisdom hath builded her house . . . for him who wanteth understanding she saith

(*Continued on next page*)

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Reader's Guide

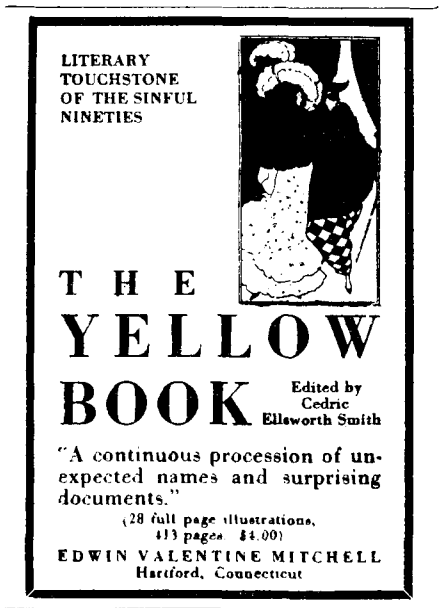
(*Continued from preceding page*)

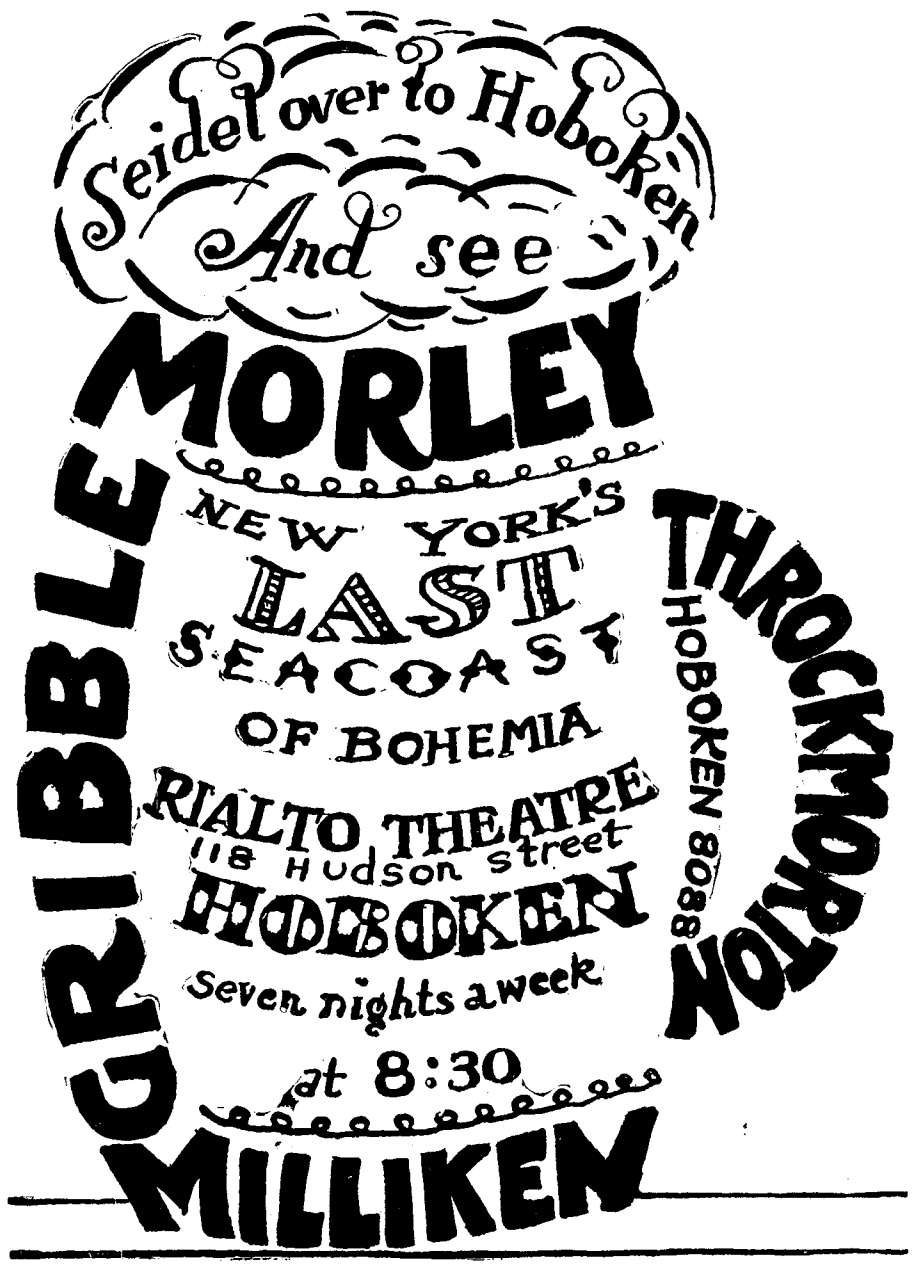
. . . wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding." Or, "Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars . . . give instruction to a wise man and he will get wiser; teach a just man and he will increase in learning." This reader reports that "The Prisoner in the Opal," lately recommended in this department, really "*was* a oner."

LET this issue of the *S. R.* hasten to overtake the reader starting for the South, for whose benefit a list of books was lately printed here, and tell him that "Early American Inns and Taverns," by Elise Lathrop (Lippincott), lists and describes, with legends where there are any, all the old roadside inns from Fraunces Tavern to New Orleans and northward into Maine. There are plenty of good photographs, and an appended list of all old inns in the United States, arranged by states and cities. Another note is requested to run after the inquirer for witch literature, informing him that "The Amber Witch," which was published in Germany in 1838 and at once accepted as a genuine document of the period of the Thirty Years War, though it was pure fiction produced by the pastor of the parish in which the scene is laid, is now to be found in the inexpensive World's Classics series, published by the Oxford University Press. Also the Pushkin enthusiast at Gambier is informed that the first complete translation of his "The Captain's Daughter" is on the verge of publication by the Viking Press; it was first published in Russia in 1836, and Garnett calls it "the first pure example of Russian realism in literature." Also the inquiries for spies is further documented with Thea Von Harbou's novel, "Spies" (Putnam), which has been made into a UFA moving picture.

M. *C. B., Cambridge, Mass.*, writes: "A. F. of Bloomfield, New Jersey, whose inquiry about English translations of Horace you answered in *The Saturday Review* for February 23, should also be told of 'Echoes from the Sabine Farm' by Eugene and Roswell Martin Field. Most of the best ones, I note with surprise, are by R. M. rather than by Eugene, who inclined to indulge in paraphrases in the styles of Chaucer, Dr. Watts, etc. All the translations are, however, pretty literal. Probably the best is R. M. F.'s version of Epode III, here called 'A Counterblast Against Garlic.' I discovered the Sabine Farm independently while I was in high school, but I found it distinctly favored by my college professor of Horace, so I can recommend it on good authority. It is included in the Complete Edition of the Works of Eugene Field published by Scribner, and has also been published separately, but whether that edition is now available, 'I (to quote Togo) am not aware enough to say.'

"This same college professor of Horace once edified the class with some cartoons which had been published in a classical journal illustrating, among other things, the famous urn of fate and the remarks to Mæcenas about knocking his head against the stars. I remember them as very good, and I'm sorry I can't quote chapter and verse."





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THIS matter of "limited editions" is perhaps the knotty question in modern collecting. It would be more answerable a question if one really knew what made a "limited edition" valuable, or, better, if one could be sure that a limited edition were really well printed. And there's the rub, for it not infrequently happens that a so-called trade book is really better printed (and by that I mean that it is better adapted to its purpose and function) than a much higher priced specially got up volume. Allowing for the very real esthetic necessity for using type of creditable drawing, the rest becomes almost wholly a matter of purpose and function. Take some modern "privately printed" book from your shelves which is done on very thick hand-made paper with the edges protruding, paper so thick that it is uncomfortable to turn the pages, and you will have an idea of how inappropriate the treatment of the book is. Take a "trade book," like McKerrow's "Introduction to Bibliography," an indispensable tool for all workers with books, and see how purpose and function have been forgotten in the paper, for the grain runs the wrong way, and the book *will* not lie open properly. I mention these two cases of paper, because they are the most apparent items in bookmaking. But one might take a single instance of type maladjustment. Some years ago it was thought smart to distort the descending members of such letters as g, j, p, q, and y to save space. Most books of verse printed today are set in widely leaded form, with plenty of white space between lines, yet this same debased type is used! In short, the demands of purpose and function are no more considered with trade editions than with limited editions, and both suffer from errors of perception on the part of their designers.

This long preamble, an attempt to restate truths not unrecognized before, is prompted by the latest edition of "The Week-End Book," just at hand from Random House. It is not a limited edition issue, unless one stretches that long-suffering designation. Let me quote the "Bibliography": "'The Week-End Book' was first published in June, 1924. With various additions and alteration it was reprinted seventeen times, to a total of more than fifty thousand copies. Other editions were printed in the United States of America. The first edition contained 332 pages, and was not illustrated." Here then is a book designed for general circulation. Advertised, at first anyway, largely by its loving friends, it has sold by merit. Let us look at this merit.

The present edition, and the second printing of it, contains something more than five hundred pages. It contains the same general and engaging miscellany as the former editions, even to the checker-board and nine men's morris end-papers. It is of handy size. It has an attractive cover. The type is small and heavy, but extremely legible. The margins are admirable. The paper is soft and flexible. The presswork is all that can be desired. Typographic design is unobtrusive and attractive. And as a finishing touch, justified by their excellence, there are fourteen gay and whimsical colored drawings by Albert Rutherston at the beginning of each division in the book.

I may be fanatical on the subject of books with charm; I have used the word before in connection with certain volumes. "The Week-End Book" has it—or It, if you prefer. And what price all this charm? Two dollars and fifty cents. If you know of any book at that price which gives better value for the money, I want to know about it, so that I can write about it for this column.

R.

THE AQUILA PRESS

MESSRS. James Cleugh, Frederick Hallis, and Alex. Keiller have established in London a new publishing venture under the above name. Its object is to produce "literary works of high merit not otherwise easily accessible," in strictly limited editions. All type will be hand-set and books hand-printed. Among the proposed publications are Marlowe's "Edward the Second," Sir John Mandeville's "Travels," Shelley's "The Cenci," Defoe's "Roxana," Surrey's "Poems," Gerard de Nerval's "Works," etc., etc.

The prospectus, evidently printed by hand, leaves something to be desired on the score of presswork, yet I cannot help feeling that such work is possessed of a quality which our perfection of machine technique will never attain. I hope to see the day when machine printing will become entirely differentiated from handwork, leaving a very definite field open to the hand printer.

R.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

American Art Association. April 2-3. The American Library collected by George W. Paullin, Part 1. In the preface to the catalogue, the collection is described as including "important works on the American Indians, Pioneer, and Western Narratives, Colonial and Revolutionary source material, original and early editions of books and pamphlets on the War of 1812, our relations with Mexico, the development of the West, including original material on nearly all the States west of the Alleghany Mountains." There are copies of the "Account of California, and the Wonderful Gold Regions," Boston, 1849, of which only one other copy is known; the "Constitution of the State of California," San Francisco, 1849, a fine and perfect copy; L. W. Hastings, "A New Description of Oregon and California," Cincinnati, 1849, an unusually rare issue. "The collection of Indian Captivities is no doubt the richest now in private hands" (the preface to the catalogue is again quoted). "It contains many items not even included in the catalogue of the extensive Ayer collection in the Newbery library. Another unusual feature is the large number of works . . . designated as the Incunabula of Chicago, i. e., books published in Chicago before the Great Fire of 1871." These include "The Rosarists' Companion," Chicago, 1845; David D. Griswold, "Statistics of Chicago," probably the only copy in existence with original printed wrappers; and the "Narrative of the Massacre at Chicago, August 15, 1812," Chicago, 1844. The second part of this library will be sold April 29, and the afternoons and evenings of April 30 and May 1.

American Art Association. April 5. The Dickens collection formed by Edward C. Daoust. In addition to many personal relics of Dickens, there are three manuscripts—a leaf from the burlesque on "Othello," the "Song of the Wreck," and a page on the death of little Nell; together with many first editions.

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A FOOTNOTE TO BOSWELL

THE *Saturday Review of Literature* has already treated of the three volumes so far issued by Colonel Isham, containing a portion of the Malahide Boswell material. Professor Pottle has reviewed the books from the point of view of the scholar. It remains to speak with some degree of calmness about this "gesture of splendor," as it was so well called by a reviewer.

This series is the first serious typographic venture which Mr. Rogers has undertaken for some years. Unfortunately, of late his work (with the exception of the "Champfleury," completed last year, but inaugurated some time before) has only been seen in the smaller books, even in the slighter ones too frequently. The "Wedgewood Medallion" was a bijou of surpassing charm; the other books mostly not important enough to merit a great deal of attention either from the typographer or the reviewer. When Colonel Isham entrusted the preparation of the Boswell volumes to him, however, he gave Mr. Rogers a commission which admitted of generous and expansive treatment. Mr. Rogers chose the revived Baskerville type face for the work, and the result proves that the

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choice was happily made. It is an ample and generous type, well suited to the character of the work, full of color, well drawn, and composing well. The design of the pages, while not closely imitating Baskerville, is yet sufficiently reminiscent of his work to be in harmony with the type. The very large capital letters of the title pages are brave and bold, but, owing to the fine drawing of the letter shapes, are not awkward or clumsy. There is a good deal of ink per page, but there is amplitude of margins to relieve any tendency to "inkiness."

Mr. Rudge has done his work equally well. The printing, on a hard surface paper, is excellent, and the color is full and even. The color plates and facsimile reproductions are faithful, and the presswork on them is all that could be desired. The volumes have a workmanlike appearance, which one would expect from the combination of Mr. Rudge and Mr. Rogers. In short, the design and execution of the volumes already published make for dignity and affluence.

But after looking carefully at the typographic design and the mechanical execution, we are brought face to face with a question which has bothered most of the readers of these volumes. This question concerns the validity of the whole plan underlying the publication in this form. The price of each volume is approximately $56. For the amount of matter contained in each of the three volumes already issued (taking them as samples of the whole series) this is an outrageously exorbitant amount. It is as if the persons responsible for such a figure had looked at the current book market and decided that cost of production, even value of product, had nothing whatever to do with the price to be charged. The material in the first three volumes issued could well have been included in one, and not have exceeded the size of a stout folio. The binding of the volumes is merely casing of a transitory character; for $56 one is entitled at least to a full bound book.

I think that, however valuable may be the contents of these volumes, and of that there would seem to be no question, the publication at the fantastic figure of $900 for the sixteen volumes is a disservice to American publishing, and one likely to subject to ridicule and suspicion other and saner attempts at the publishing of *de luxe* volumes. R.

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There is always a grave danger in blurting out the exact sales figures of a book. When the whole world is acclaiming *The Story of Philosophy* as the best-seller of the decade and you buy expensive advertising space to proclaim the actual total of 206,340 copies, there is certain to be a disenchanted minority who will shout "Is THAT all?"

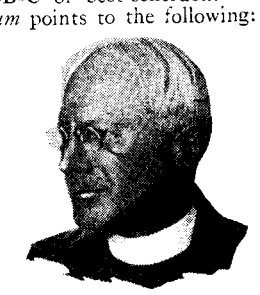
Nevertheless it is a danger which *The Inner Sanctum* likes to face. Particularly in the case of JOAN LOWELL'S story of the South Seas, your correspondent is willing to risk the taunts of the Kibitzers—the disdainful laity who believe that any book published must sell at least 500,000 copies to become a best-seller.

It therefore gives *The Inner Sanctum* great pleasure to repeat here that *The Cradle of the Deep* is not only the best-selling book in America, fiction or non-fiction, but is lashing to the mast all best-seller records by selling 91,682 copies in eleven days.

Try and figure out what the public wants. The three best-selling books, from coast to coast, in the field of general literature all happen to be publications of *The Inner Sanctum*, but could anyone array a more diverse triumvirate than these:

1—*The Cradle of the Deep*
2—*The Art of Thinking*
3—*Believe It or Not!*

As a humble contribution to an A-B-C of best-sellerdom *The Inner Sanctum* points to the following:



A *The Art of Thinking*—by ABBE ERNEST DIMNET, *who showed America the joys of the life of reason.*

B *Believe It or Not!*—ROBERT L. RIPLEY, *Curiosity's Passionate Henchman, a modern Marco Polo with Proofs, Ransacker of the Cosmos, Chronicler and Illustrator of the Breath-taking and the Bizarre.*

C *The Cradle of the Deep*—JOAN LOWELL, *a seafarin' girl who tells all!*

ESSANDESS.

THE PHOENIX NEST

THE second number of a new magazine, *Famous Lives*, edited by *Harold Hersey* and published by the Magazine Publishers, Inc., has come to our desk. Some of its material is drawn, with proper copyright arrangement, from old or recent books. The article, however, which interested us most is entitled "The Last Phone Call of *George Sterling*," by *E. Virginia Lee*, who took over the editorship of the *Overland Monthly*, out on the coast, four years ago. When, however, Virginia Lee speaks of George's "Nordic profile" we must demur. We used to know him fairly well. He looked—practically not at all like Bert Cooksley's sketch of him that accompanies the article—but a good deal like Dante and a good deal like a faun. And wasn't it *Rose O'Neill* who furnished that best of all descriptions of his face—"like a Greek coin run over by a Roman chariot"? . . . .

In the six business days ending March 16th, say Simon and Schuster, orders for 24,109 copies of *Joan Lowell's* "The Cradle of the Deep" were received. This they believe to be a new high-water mark for a single week's sales of a given book. . . .

Gerald D. Heller writes us that the Spring issue of *Outsiders* (616 E. Lincoln Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) is now in preparation and that the editors are interested in receiving poetry, short stories, one-act plays, and essays therefor. Contributions are not paid for. Their aim is to select the best material offered by writers not as yet recognized. *Outsiders* is issued for private circulation. . . .

Returning to Rose O'Neill, from whom we quoted above, Carabas is what she calls her wildwood, riverside, great house outside a Connecticut suburb. There she has a huge two-storied studio and wide rooms with rows and rows of windows opening on the water and the pines. If you have seen her serious work as a graphic artist, read her poetry, and, most recently, dipped into her strange pagan novel, "Garda," which she herself has beautifully illustrated, you will wonder indeed how this pagan Irish artist can be also the universally-known inventor of the Kewpies. In a cardinal-colored flowing velvet robe, seated in her huge hall, reading *Francis Thompson* aloud, her yellow hair curling to her shoulders like a medieval page's, she is a being strayed from another strange century. . . .

We thank the Bibliophile's Corner, in other words The Old and Rare Book Shop at 66 Harrison Avenue, Springfield, Massachusetts, for creating us a member of The Crock of Gold Club, though we are afraid it will be some moons before we ever get to Springfield again. . . .

The annual Carnival of Imagination, being the Costume Dance held at the Waldorf-Astoria for the benefit of the Halton Endowment for Girls, Inc., will this year feature the Pageant America. Guests wishing to enter the pageant should apply to *Dr. Mary Halton* (Caledonia 6350). The official costumer is the Brooks Costume Company, 1437 Broadway. Tickets are five dollars each and on sale at 17 East 38th Street. *Eugene Boissevain, Gladys Brown, Mrs. J. Sargent Cram, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Dell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henri, Will Irwin* and *Inez Haynes Irwin, James Hopper, John F. Kraushaar, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Rose O'Neill, Mr. and Mrs. Willy Pogany, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pach, Tony Sarg, Deems Taylor*, and *Art Young* are among the patrons. . . .

The London house of Longmans recently received an order from the Kitchen Department, Craigwell House, Bognor, for a copy of *V.* and *R. H. A. Plimmer's* "Food, Health, Vitamins." Craigwell House is where *King George* is convalescing. Longmans, Green & Company will feel justly proud if with this aid to his diet, the king recovers speedily. . . .

Paul Beaujon recently achieved a clever stunt in England in connection with the advertising of the "Monotype" type faces. A newspaper has been distributed entitled *The Adverteaser*, dated from mythical Adverton. A box near the masthead warns the reader that "all the types, leads, rules, decorations, and other material used in this paper were produced on the "Monotype." The only aim of this unique issue of 'Adverton's Leading Daily' is to show the great publicity value of the famous 'Monotype' faces (display matrices of which can be hired) and to demonstrate the brilliance and elasticity of 'Monotype' composition. The 'news' matter is not to be taken seriously!" But the news matter is indeed delightful, it is farce of a delectable kind. And who is Paul Beaujon? Rather a mystery, we admit, but surely a publicity genius! And, more than that, a nonsense genius. We must quote one of the most pregnant editorials in *The Adverteaser* and one of the Letters from Readers; first the editorial:

THE ACETIFICATION OF LOGOMACHY.

The Society for the Reform of the Language has produced an evulsion of multiloquent objurgations by prominent logomachists in rejoinder to its denunciation of hendecasyllabic periphrases in consuetudinal rhetoric. Anxious to evitate the sonorous catachresis of metonymous verbosity, the Society proposes the abolition of multisyllabic circumlocution. The opulent nuncupation of English literature proves, it would seem, a *damnosa haereditas. Tempora mutantur:* but according to our vaticination, such antiagglutinative innovations should be destined, not for admonishment, but for discreet nictation.

And now for the letter:

To the Editor of THE ADVERTEASER:

SIR,—Yesterday morning I heard the unmistakable call of the Lesser Duck-billed Platypus in my garden. Have any of your readers noted this rare bird in England in mid-winter? Colonel Blazo is incorrect, I believe, in attributing the sound to the screech of his own garden gate. No one who has visited Australia could mistake the plaintive note of the feathered wanderer. Yours, etc.,

PERCY DIMLY.
The Vicarage,
Little Simpton-on-the-Wimp, Jan. 15.

Houghton Mifflin are speaking of a distinguished novel by *Oliver Lafarge* of New Orleans, which they intend to bring out in the Fall. It is called "Laughing Boy," and is based on Lafarge's Indian experience. His profession until lately has been studying Indians. He did archaeological work for three seasons in Arizona, entirely in the Navajo country. With a minimum speaking knowledge of Navajo, a dark tan, and a pair of moccasins, he finally reached the point at which the Indians of other tribes thought him a Navajo, and once, because of this, he was nearly run out of a Hopi pueblo. Lafarge says the Navajo are the best Indians he has ever dealt with. His usual name among them was *Anast'hargi Nez*, "Tall Cliffdweller." . . .

"The outstanding scientific contribution to child development published during 1928," is the description applied to "Infancy and Human Growth," by *Dr. Arnold Gesell*, director of the Psycho-Clinic, Yale Univerity. This book recently won the annual medal awarded by *Children, the Parents' Magazine*. . . .

The Random House poetry quartos are announced in their Fifth List. These consist of twelve new and unpublished poems by as many prominent American poets, each printed in a separate folio. Typography by Paul Johnston. The poets are: *Conrad Aiken, William Rose Benét, Witter Bynner, H. D., Theodore Dreiser, Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Edwin Markham, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Genevieve Taggard, Louis Untermeyer*, and the late *Elinor Wylie*. There will be 475 sets of the folios, boxed, at ten dollars. . . .

We see also that Mr. Adler has taken *Father Will Whalen's* advice in reprinting for the same house "A Narrative of the Life of *Mary Jemison*, the White Woman of the Genesee," one of the most popular Indian captivity stories, and an important and thoroughly authenticated piece of Americana. . . .

Alec Waugh has now taken a house in Martinique, after finishing "Portrait of a Celibate." He leads a simple, tranquil life, with lots of bathing, walking, early hours, not too much heat, and not another author in sight. Oh blest refuge! . . . .

"*Monrovia*," "Monrovia," we thank thee, "Monrovia!" Yes, we know that is cryptic, but it has to be. . . .

Alfred Kreymborg's new book of poems, "Manhattan Men," being his first book of verse on his native city, is now out through Coward-McCann. This firm is making a uniform collection of all Kreymborg's poetry. . . . And so, fondly,

THE PHOENICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

Lytton Strachey once said: "There is poetry to be found lurking in the metaphysical system of Epicurus, and in the body of a flea." We are afraid, however, that many of us would find only boredom with the one and irritation with the other, if our poets did not point out their poetry. But even those who are most industrious through the winter will linger for a song in spring, when the sun warms their blood to poetry. And many will go wandering off to wooded hills.

> where "little footpaths sweet to see
> Go seeking sweeter places still."

For them, and for you who steal away to Weehawken to throw dreams into that rare view of our towered city, we recommend these books of verse that will fit nicely into your pocket. The almost perfect collection of poems is the newest Oxford anthology, *The Oxford Book of Regency Verse*.[1] Mr. Milford has shown an admirable sense of proportion, giving due prominence to giants like Wordsworth, Keats and Byron and including no fewer than eighty-four poets. Of course, there are those who will always prefer *The Oxford Book of English Verse*[2] as a sympathetic companion to these poetry jaunts. One authority prophesies that this great book will stand next to the Bible[3] and Shakespeare[4] in the regard of unborn generations. Those who like to roam the less frequented paths will wish to take the newest *Oxford Miscellany* title: *J. H. Reynolds Poetry and Prose*.[5] Here they will find some untrodden grass, many fine flowers of poetry and interesting articles about Keats, Wordsworth (great fun!) and others. Incidentally, the volumes in the *Oxford Miscellany*[6] series are uniformly small and just right for the pocket. Poetry, facsimile reprints, fiction, literary criticism, travel—the series is wide in its *affectionate recommendations*. Ben Ray Redman in two volumes of sagacious enthusiasm announced last year that: "The reader who can find nothing to his taste in *The Oxford Miscellany* is no reader at all!"

The phenomenal publicity of Mr. Woolley's arrival and his lectures has created such a demand for his popularly written book *The Sumerians*[7] that the first large edition has been exhausted within two weeks. The publishers are rushing a larger second edition to be ready the first week of April. If you like travelling to the frontiers, try this "Time-Machine" voyage to the year 3500 B.C., to the earliest known city of man.

Whereas most of us will have to content ourselves with short trips and imaginative voyagings, some will be going to Europe or Asia or Africa. If you are going to England, you are going to Stratford-on-Avon. And *Shakespeare's Stratford*[8] by Edgar I. Fripp is by far the most interesting guide book to take with you. Charles Lamb would have liked its quaint and vivid details of people and places that Shakespeare used in his plays and knew so well in Stratford.

Mr. Fripp is the greatest authority on Stratford of the 16th and 17th centuries. The excellent illustrations, plans and maps make it a delightful and novel guide. If you are bent on getting off the beaten track of tourists you will be wise to visit the land of *Peaks and Frescoes*[9] by Arthur McDowall. The book is admirably planned to cover all that we may go out to see (and may miss) in the Dolomites; the mountains and the people, their houses and castles, churches, saints and shrines, the flowers in their season and the inns. The book obviously has not been done as a guide, but rather to express some of the affection which the author has felt for the high, quiet valleys and the peasant life. The book is altogether beautiful. If Fascist regulations have not intimidated you, you will answer the call of Venice or Revello. Mr. H. W. Schneider's *Making the Fascist State*[10] is the most complete and comprehensive book in English on Italy today. A prospective visitor will be enlightened and surprised with its conclusions. If you wish to go by book or boat to Asia, read *The People of Tibet*[11] by Charles Bell. This book is so pleasantly written and contains so many humorous passages that it will entertain any traveler. The author is regarded as the historian of that country and has here combined interest, accuracy and magnificence of illustration in a wonderful book. *The Pilgrim's Way in South Africa*[12] by Dorothea Fairbridge is called by the Johannesburg Sunday Times "One of the most attractive books on the Sub-Continent ever published." They ought to know in Johannesburg! The book presents a gifted author and artistic illustrations and is altogether a persuasive description of that magnificent country.

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) India paper, $4.25; thick, $3.75. (2) India $4.25; thick $3.75. (3) from $0.95 to $78.00. (4) Complete, $2.25 to $45.00. (5) $1.25. (6) 59 titles. (7) $2.50. (8) $1.50. (9) $5.50. (10) $5.00. (11) $7.00. (12) $8.50.

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Points of View

"Golden Squaw"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Being a sort of book reviewer myself, and having had to read two novels in two days and write 1,200 words about one and 400 about the other (and both novels done by ladies!) I pity reviewers. But not your reviewer who handled my "Golden Squaw"! If you'll give me that gentleman's address, I'll mail a quart of our mountain dew to Grover Whalen and have him deliver it in person. Your critic cries for an eye-opener and cries out loud. He wonders "Why Mary preferred to live with the savages . . . is a mystery left unexplained." Not to anybody who read the book. "Perhaps it was because of gratitude for what the Indians did to her family"—the Senecas having butchered her parents and sister and brothers. A stupid wise-crack. The biggest chapter "emotes" Mary's excellent reason. She had a half-breed Indian baby; her white lover had come to bring her back here to our Valley in the Blue Ridge, but he stubbornly refused to accept her Indian child. She spurned the white man's love, slung the boy up on her back squaw-fashion and returned to her terrible exile. For the sake of her child. Even today after all these years the feeling of the mountaineers here is poisonous against the memory of the Indians. Whole families of settlers were dragged away by the redskins and never heard of more. I erected a monument to our "White Squaw" at my gate. Mary Jemison was a Presbyterian, so I thought it fitting the address at the unveiling should be delivered by a Presbyterian minister who's highly versed in Indian lore. In his speech the orator dilated on the wrongs that had been done the Indians by the whites. At my elbow was a fiery old mountaineer chawing 'baccer and spittin' with a vengeance. All at once he cut loose: "You're a Goddemned liar!" The Presbyterian preacher, being Irish, had a sense of humor; he only grinned and spoke plaidly ahead. He roared laughing later: "I hope I was as natural as that old mountain lion."

WILL W. WHALEN.

Orrtanna, Pa.

Fishbein On Voronoff

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Dear Sir:

I have become so accustomed to high-grade, responsible, and reliable reviewers in your columns, that I was much disappointed in your choice of a critic for "The Conquest of Life," by Dr. Serge Voronoff—*Saturday Review* for December 1. I know it is very late to bring the question up now, but most of the delay is due to the tardiness of the reviewer in answering a request for information.

I am no partisan of Dr. Voronoff. I hold no brief for the methods employed by him, by Dr. Steinach, or by their followers. But I do maintain that your readers are entitled to a review by an unbiased man. Dr. Morris Fishbein, who wrote the review in question, has written and lectured perhaps more than anyone else in America in opposition to the ideas sponsored by Voronoff, and there could be no question as to the nature of the review he would write.

Says Dr. Fishbein: "Of course, since the first announcement by Voronoff and his contemporary, Steinach, hundreds of experiments have been made in scientific laboratories to control their claims, but the elderly gentlemen who prefer blondes are not to be deterred by the details of controlled experiments."

A lay friend of mine wrote to Dr. Fishbein enclosing a stamped envelope and asking for references to the literature reporting these hundreds of experiments. The request was acknowledged, but the information was not forthcoming. After a few weeks the request was repeated, and the doctor sent five references. One was a Haldeman-Julius "Little Blue Book," written by your reviewer himself. The other four were editorials in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, presumably also written by himself.

A letter accompanied the references which said: "Footnotes referring to experimental work along this line will be found in connection with the editorials."

Only two of the editorials had footnotes referring to experimental work, and they referred only to one article each. One was by Oslund, telling of experiments seeming to show that results obtained were not due to the cause ascribed by other investigators.

The other article was by Macht and Teagarden, who operated on six rats. That was all your reviewer referred to in substantiation of his claim of "hundreds of experiments." Furthermore, the editorial comment on the experiments on the six rats said that a number of them showed a distinct improvement in general appearance and behavior. They were more active, had a new coat of fur, and improved muscular coördination and muscular efficiency. The observers who reported the experiment believed that the changes were the result of the operation, but that additional experiments were needed.

Your reviewer said further: "Recently a delegation from the British Ministry of Agriculture visited Algiers to study the Voronoff technique of gland drafting, to examine the animals, and to investigate the economic results. Their report does not endorse his method. . . . The commission was not able to say whether or not the claims for rejuvenation were justified, but it did not consider the evidence sufficient to warrant the claims."

I secured a copy of the report referred to. The first sentence under "Conclusions" on page 17 read: "The claim of Dr. Voronoff to effect rejuvenation of the aged and decrepit male by the operation of testis grafting is possibly justifiable." The investigators continued: "Data on the duration of the graft and its effect upon the fertility of the operated animal are at present insufficient to warrant an estimate of the economic value. It is an open question whether this method, even if, or when, its merits have been fully demonstrated, can become of any considerable importance in Britain. Alternative methods of extending the usefulness of valuable sires are available and might be adopted with equal advantage." The last sentences of the section headed "Conclusions" are of interest: ". . . it is highly desirable that the matter be put to further and more critical test in this country, where conditions are more favorable to scientific control."

RAY G. HULBURT, D.O.,
Director of Information and Stattistics,
American Osteopathic Association.
Chicago, Ill.

Paul Du Chaillu

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I am engaged in gathering material for a life of the African explorer, the late Paul B. Du Chaillu. If any of your readers possesses unpublished letters from him or documents concerning him, scientific or otherwise, I should be very grateful to have an opportunity to examine them with a view to making use of them in my work which, so far as I know, will be the first to appear in any language. All originals communicated to me either directly, at the address below, or through my publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, 49 East Thirty-third Street, New York (who were also Du Chaillu's publishers) will be handled with the greatest care and will be promptly returned to their owners as soon as copies have been made.

MICHEL VAUCAIRE.

23 rue de la Ferme, Neuilly s/Seine,
France.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In the *Saturday Review* of March 16th, the article by Louis Untermeyer, entitled "Colossal Substance," contains the statement that the Encyclopædia Britannica is not aware of the existence of Emily Dickinson.

The new fourteenth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica will have a biography of about 350 words, which will give much new information and some interesting facts with regard to her life and work.

LOUIS SEABER,
Vice-President.

Sir Edmund Gosse

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

It is proposed to publish a "Life and Letters" of my father, Sir Edmund Gosse. The author is very anxious to get more letters to his American friends and correspondents. As many of your readers may have kept letters from him, will you allow me to ask them, through your columns, to lend them to me, or, better still, to the author, the Hon. Evan Charteris, K.C., 96a Mount Street, Berkeley Square, W.1, London? Every care will be taken to return all letters, as soon as they have been examined and copied.

PHILIP GOSSE.

25, Argyll Road,
Kensington, W.8, London.

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The Art of Love . . . . . William J. Fielding
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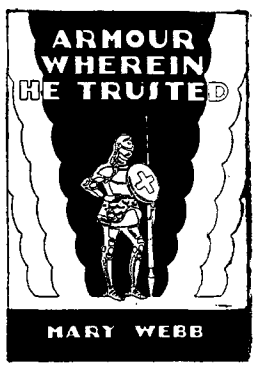

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